

THE ART MELODIOUS

**OBSERVATIONS
OF A MUSICIAN**

LOUIS LOMBARD

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OBSERVATIONS
OF A MUSICIAN

BY
LOUIS LOMBARD



"A foreigner has one advantage—
Custom does not blunt his perceptions"

Philadelphia.
Theodore Fresser.
1712 Chestnut Str.

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To the Illustrious Maëstro,
MASSENET.
in proof of Friendship and Admiration.

PARIS, FRANCE.

To Louis Lombard. my illustrious confrère and dear friend:

It is with great gratitude that I receive your book so well written. How much I admire the courage and the authority with which you write. Bravo, with all my heart ! I am touched by your attention and dedication.

JULES MASSENET.

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THE ART MELODIOUS

OBSERVATIONS OF A MUSICIAN

CHAPTER I

IS MUSIC A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE?

It may be on account of its adaptability in the lives of all men that music has been called a “universal language.” This euphonious phrase should have a more restricted meaning; it has been used too often by musicians and the laity without sufficient discrimination. Music is a universal language only in the sense that, in one form or another, it is within the reach of all understandings. But it is erroneously

held by many to mean that all music is understood by all men, as a sort of inborn Volapuk. With this interpretation the phrase is untrue.

In every age and country there have been musical expressions that have become unintelligible and even repugnant. Races have changed their musical systems so thoroughly that the beautiful things of a former epoch now appear unbearable. To-day the most untutored European would find much to condemn in the best performance of Asiatic music. The comprehension of this art is no more the inherent possession of man, even though he be familiar with our system of notation, than is the knowledge of Sanskrit. Both idioms can be acquired only by study.

It may be contended that music moves even the savage to dance, weep, or sing; but, animals are also thus affected. It is true also that the emotions of men, humble or great, may be interpreted by music. Fatherland, home, religion, grief, joy, and love are sentiments that all human beings feel through the power of song. There are melodies which, like guardian angels, follow each of us from the "lap of the mother to the lap of us all." Indeed, there is no other art for the child and the illiterate adult. It, alone, reaches more people than all the other arts combined with the literatures of all the ages. While all this is granted, the facts still remain that man does not enjoy music in proportion to his hearing powers so much as in proportion

to his training, and that the uncultured receive no impression, or only a feeble one, from the finest rendition of the noblest tone-poem. Through the power of association, music may bring forth in the musically-untrained, ideas of a character somewhat elevated. But a familiar song shapes a familiar scene. Though even musicians may enjoy again the simple music of their childhood, the association of such musical sounds with past events and thoughts must be to them also more or less "of the earth, earthy." It is when music is wholly disconnected from our material existence that it sings to man its most exalted song. Only then does it express its purest sentiments—unspeakable thoughts, that the imperfect idea-symbols

called words, can not transmit. Neither Homer nor Virgil has written so beautifully as Chopin; and the works of Phidias and Raphael have not spoken to their respective centuries more eloquently than those of Beethoven. The rainbow itself, across the bluest of skies, has not thrilled the soul as has a Wagner passage surging forth from the grand orchestra like a mighty wave from an ocean of harmony.

The art which expresses itself merely through variations of pitch and accent is too vague, too indefinite, to be universally understood. In this very indefiniteness, however, lies its power. The other arts and languages seek to define, to limit, to end; while music—unfathomable mystery!—expands beyond the horizons. Words

describe emotions, perceptions, impressions; sculpture and architecture imitate the forms human eyes have seen; painting vitalizes such forms with earthly colors; acting, through vocal inflections and mobile gestures, endeavors to portray our innermost feelings; but music does all this and much more. From the infinite realm of the mind it evolves an imagery surpassing the pictorial and the plastic arts; with words that paint, it tells every passion; and in grandeur and solemnity it overshadows even the temples of Babylon. That which is too vast and beautiful to be displayed before man, the gods suggest through music.

The ignorant auditor is not necessarily wanting in artistic instinct, but his lack of

culture deprives him of the highest pleasure art can give. If he does not enjoy or appreciate a composition it is not because nature has been unkind to him; his education more than his temperament is at fault. It is not the superiority of the auricular apparatus of the educated man that enables him to value that which is meaningless to the crowd. His ear is organically the same as that of the savage. His enjoyment comes mainly from that part of the brain which apprehends the vibrations of the air. That, in the man of culture, is prepared by his own environment, as in a camera obscura, to receive the loftiest pictures and the most complex impressions. In the savage, while the same sound sensations arrive by the same

physical process, the psychical result is widely different, and the mind-pictures they evoke must necessarily be formed by his own narrow and vulgar experience.

Countless effects are as meaningless to the man musically-untrained as written words are to the unlettered. Whatever be his nature he will understand but a few words of that divine speech. He can not be moved as if he felt the wondrous sway of its rhetoric. The development of forms and motives, the apprehension of polyphony, the moods a mere *nuance* of tone may suggest, the passions of heroism, of love, of hate, would seem to him but a pleasant jingle.

As a musician you may hear those crystalline undulations, which approach and

grow dim. You perhaps fancy yourself floating over a magic lake on a midsummer eve. These harmonious and multicolored sounds from the violins scintillate a thousand rays from a resplendent moon. A sigh of love ascends heavenward upon a cloud of silver—'tis the 'cello, with a soft harmony from the horns. The night is over, and the mournful tone of the bassoons turns to the martial blare of the trumpets. With a Te Deum the grand organ inundates "rosy fingered morn" in dazzling sunlight. To complete the apotheosis, angelic notes from the harp lift you into celestial regions to see love enthroned on high. And yet, this picture may be but a bare canvas to many, and the painter will be called a fool.

The office of music is to touch the heart, to awaken the imagination, and to broaden the intellect. This art may become a universal language, when the majority will cease to regard it solely as a means to tickle the ear or to set the foot in motion; when men will study musical science, and thus see analogies between great musicians and other great thinkers, between Dante and Bach, Shakespeare and Beethoven, high priests whose sublime hymns shook the intellectual world from its mediæval lethargy. Then, perhaps, instead of being thought a frivolous amusement, this language will be valued as the highest metaphysical manifestation of mankind.

O Musician, immortal poet! how few hear

thy ecstatic songs! how few soar upon the wings of thy ineffable harmonies into the heavenly spheres born of thy dreams!

CHAPTER II

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE

It is not wise to pour only the most scientific music into the ears of uneducated listeners. Musical knowledge must be diffused slowly and gently. The public should be led by gradual steps to the musical Parthenon. Light, but correct compositions might be performed oftener. By introducing a few graceful and simple numbers into a heavy programme, many auditors could be coaxed that are now repelled. To explain the fine touches of a Shelley to a cannibal would be no more judicious than to give a performance ex-

clusively of Bach's or of Wagner's works before a promiscuous audience.

There is no doubt that the intention of musicians who produce only the best works is good. But although the aim of artists should be to improve the taste of their hearers, it would seem that they try too often to impart good taste in a manner that savors of despotism. They should stoop to conquer. If they always soar above the heads of those less favored than themselves, they will not be seen.

No man can hear what he has not preparation for hearing. Just as the painter sees more in the picture than one who has not studied painting, so the musician hears more than the uncultured man. The latter being unable to derive any intellec-

tual pleasure from music, hears less than the musician, who is able to trace the development of a composition in all its details.

Yet, all hearts can be reached through music, although it may speak differently to each. Every hearer is addressed in a particular language. Each sees the tone-picture according to his antecedent experience, his imaginative powers, his æsthetic training. The uninstructed who have lived without a musical environment enjoy only the most commonplace harmonies; some prefer no harmony at all. The monotonous dance rhythm alone pleases many. What would Beethoven's adagios say to such listeners? "Down on the Suwanee River" brings tears to some eyes, while it causes in others a twinkle of de-

risation. Some compositions transport the refined soul into the highest regions of poetic contemplation, and yet they do not affect the uncultured any more than rain does a window pane.

Is it not natural that, from such facts, some musicians should have drawn the erroneous inference that they alone can enjoy their art? It is, certainly, indisputable that only musicians can feel the full pleasure of what may be termed the intellectual in music. Who, for example, could delight in the fugues of Bach without having learned to appreciate them? But, because Homer in the original is preferable to any translation, is it wise to read the "Iliad" in the Greek language to a miscellaneous crowd? Those who

know not even the alphabet can not learn a tongue by listening to an abstruse philological treatise, and those who listen exclusively to the so-called "classical" compositions without studying the principles of music, are in an analogous position. Through such superficial training some persons may acquire a taste for a better class of works, but the majority will remain unimproved.

The simple, no less than the elaborate style, has an important place in the world of art. Many well-meaning artists, however, would reject all that which is not overclad. But if they wish to educate the masses they must heed the fact that only the simplest forms will ever reach the people. Music will go to palaces and cot-

tages throughout our land, not in the garb of a fugue, or of a symphony, but in that of an unadorned song. And whether a polyphonic problem can be called music with more fitness than would apply to a beautiful melody is debatable ground even among musicians.

Those who would have music of the most complex character only, should think of the many beings that would be barred from all enjoyment. They might remember, too, that what pleases them to-day was once distasteful to them. Many excellent artists will admit that even the sonatas of Beethoven bored them during their youth. One of the best reasons, then, for the existence of the unpretentious composition is that it can give joy to the

many, while a scientific work shall reach only the privileged few.

That music refines man is incontestable.¹ Where no melodies are heard, cruelty characterizes the people. Brutality grows in inverse ratio to musical feeling, for music is as natural to gentle natures as perfume is to violets. Is this gentleness the cause, or the effect of that art? Both, one is led to think, and if this conclusion is just, music is a potent factor in civilization, because the tenderest feelings of man, cultured or uncultured, can be awakened by it. This result, however, may be obtained more easily when the heart alone is enlisted because the more exercised are our analytical faculties, the less agitated become our emotions.

Let it not be inferred that the standard of music must be lowered. Artists should always offer the highest forms to those who can enjoy or appreciate them. But, musically-cultivated auditors will ever be in the minority. In their endeavor to educate the people, the best musicians might occasionally adapt themselves to the receptiveness of the majority without degradation. And can artists go far astray in demonstrating that simplicity may be made the highest expression of beauty?

The tendency of modern music is to become complex, to appeal to the intellectual, rather than the emotional element in man. Rare harmonies, strange rhythms, extreme dynamic effects, and novel tone-colors are, indeed, very desirable, and

yet, a composition which would exhaust all those artistic resources might still miss one of the best aims of music—the education of the masses.

CHAPTER III

MUSIC IN POLITICAL ECONOMY

It has been asked in political economy whether the agencies of transportation, the liberal professions, the commercial ones, the public offices, music and the other fine arts, have a productive character, or whether they do not maintain a legion of drones.

There is a character of production pertaining to music, though an indirect one. Musical taste developed in a nation is an economic agent, which adds to the harmony of the world in more than a musical sense. Music cheers and refines man, thus

keeping him, at least momentarily, from corroding passions; it contributes to his health and longevity through the proper use in singing of the respiratory organs; it is efficacious in the treatment of insanity and other diseases; it serves to encourage the weary, foot-sore, and heart-sick soldier.

Music is a living source of social pleasures; it soothes the violent impulses of man, dignifies his religious and civic ceremonies, and educates his æsthetic tastes,—in a word, it makes him better and happier. Train your children in music; their life and that of their fellow-men will be pleasanter. A child educated exclusively in literature and the sciences does not become so healthy, moral, and cheerful a citizen; the well,

good, and happy individual adds to the peace and power of the nation, and so creates conditions of productivity.

Is the engineer who plans the locomotive less productive than the workman who puts the parts together? Is the architect who ascertains the proportions and selects the materials of an edifice less useful than the bricklayer? And is the musician useless who helps man to lift himself above himself, and indirectly enables him to do more and better work?

Some philosophers call music a useless art, in the blind and brutal spirit of the old Dutch settlers who used to regard school expenses as an unnecessary burden, and the schoolmaster as a leech. Better reasoning leads to the conclusion that the

cultivation of art proves the nobility of man, and his superiority over animals and savages.

The civilized man produces and consumes the things which are indispensable to his existence, and in conformity with his tastes. All his needs and tastes, artistic ones for example, may not be inborn; but neither is the need of soap inborn. Not many centuries ago that article was unknown. Once, a watch was a rare object of luxury; then, men and women dispensed with stockings, laces, silks, and underclothing. Industrial progress and the development of wealth have brought into common use many things formerly regarded as luxuries. Sugar, spices, coffee, glass, and carpets are no longer regarded as

extravagant. If men could get along with bread, meat, and the simplest clothing and tools, they would doubtless procure a greater quantity of such objects by neglecting art entirely. But civilized peoples do not live by bread and meat alone.

Man has immaterial needs. The cravings of the artistic senses are so keenly felt by some highly-developed organisms that the expression "hungry for music" ceases to be a metaphor with them. The character of the pastimes of a nation is an indication of its moral and mental culture. Man requires more varied and ennobling recreation and amusement as he advances in civilization.

Granting that artistic pleasures are not absolutely necessary in a material sense

they still remain a great blessing. Humanity owes its thanks to music for much that makes life worth living; therefore, musical art should be recognized as a valuable agent in the science of political economy.

CHAPTER IV

MUSIC IN SPAIN

The people of Spain still live in the days of Merrie England. With their religious processions, their numberless holidays, their bloody bull-fights, and their puerile *zarzuelas* they remind one of Queen Elizabeth's time,—its mythological entertainments, ten-day pageants, sanguinary spectacles, and national *fêtes*. The *toreros* in their gay attire, with frills, laces, diamonds, and knee-breeches, resemble the gentlemen, who rustling in silks, wore costly cloaks of sable, and

whose feet were shod in boots with falling tops whence hung clouds of lace.

Behind the clothes, customs, and art of a people stands the national spirit. If the scientist can picture the entire animal from a single fossil bone, why may not one seek the soul of a nation through its music—its most expressive art? Indolence, sensuousness, triviality, and gayety mixed with a tinge of oriental apathy, are portrayed vividly in sound from the Pyrenees to the rock of Gebel Tarik.

From a musical point of view, the modern Iberian seems a fac-simile of the mediæval Frenchman. Barring out racial distinctions, they both live in an analogous environment. Recently I gathered some facts that strengthen this theory,

though they may not suffice to enable one to form a just opinion.

I arrived in Barcelona in time to attend the closing exercises of the conservatory at the Liceo, a magnificent opera house similar to La Scala of Milan. The architecture of the building and its fine acoustic properties delighted me, but the music did not. My first musical impression in Spain was disappointing. At the subsidized music school of an old European city, was it unreasonable to expect aught else than threadbare cavatinas sung with *chevrote-ment* and metallic timbre? Each vocal pupil seemed to have the faults of the French school without the redeeming feature of its exquisite phrasing. Even the violinists imitated the French artists,

minus their fire and tone. Though I made allowances for the guitar-like tone of the pianos, I found no pianists to admire. Digital dexterity, without individuality: only exaggerated traditions. At one in the morning, with the thermometer indicating summer discomfort, "Tannhaeuser March," written for four hands, was played on ten pianos by forty hands. The inartistic end crowned the work.

In Saragoza I listened to some commonplace tunes strung to inane libretti called comic operas. These kindergarten plays were performed there for the edification of adults. In Madrid I heard a splendid symphony orchestra under the direction of an able conductor, Senor Perez. While in that city the only opera on the boards

was the "Barber of Seville." At this late Wagner day, to all classes of Spaniards, except to a handful of professional musicians, Italian music is Allah, and Rossini is his prophet. Senor Perez told me that he intended to produce "Die Meistersinger" soon at the Royal Opera. This will be consoling news to those who have the development of Spanish music at heart. In Malaga I learned that harmony was not taught at the conservatory—a grammar school without a grammar teacher!

Music distinctively Spanish is seldom heard at the better theaters and concerts. It is usually played and sung only by amateurs, and every body in Spain seems to be one. You might imagine a lemon-

less lemonade more easily than a guitarless Spaniard. The ubiquitous guitarist is the alpha and omega of music in this peninsula. With his instrument he is capable of interpreting in all completeness every form of his national music, aptly named—*musique dansante*. If necessary he will also sing and dance. This enthusiastic lover of music is a born actor, though he does not express his ideas by reasoning. Like a child he simply dances, sings, or mimics them.

In one sense, Spain is a musical country. The twang of guitars and the impassioned phrases of love songs reach the ear from every corner. But Spanish music is light, very light! It is astonishing that a people which carries its fondness for this art to

the very verge of insanity, a nation, too, that has given the world Murillo, Cervantes and Seneca, should not have produced one great composer. Shall I venture to offer a reason for this? I may err, but I think it is laziness. The Neapolitan *lazzarone* compared with the Spanish musician, is a mere amateur in the art of the "sweet do nothing."

CHAPTER V

DANCES OF SPAIN

Dancing is a national vice in Spain. The *danza prima* in Asturias, the *jota aragonesa* in Aragon, the *muneira* in Gallicia, *las habas verdes*, the *cachucha*, the *rondenas*, and the *malaguena* in Andalusia are dances peculiar to each province. Dancing, however, is not a modern accomplishment in this land, for Martial sings of the Cadiz dancing girls who delighted Roman voluptuaries. In the south of Europe, as in the Orient, men dance less frequently than in northern countries, and women seem to monopolize this pastime.

There ne'er was born a Spanish woman yet,
But she was born to dance."

In Seville, at a bull-fighters' resort, in the Sierpes, I saw a dance in all its local coloring. Although the establishment was of a low character, the girls on the stage were modest both in dress and demeanor, the very antithesis of what would be seen at a similar place in London or New York, or, particularly, Paris—that voluptuous Constantinople of the Occident. The girl who danced moved languidly, but always gracefully. In all her motions she preserved the gentle curves of her feminine form, and seemed more like a woman dancing than like a *danseuse*. Her head, at times, was thrown back so far as almost to touch the floor with her shoulders. With

us the body hardly moves, while the legs spread out immoderately. In Andalusia it is the body that dances, while the feet barely shuffle. The way in which the torso is twisted makes one think of a boa. I had already seen such harmonious undulations in Lower Egypt. There, however, the girls added the *danse du ventre*, which, though interesting owing to its novelty, would disgust any one but an Arab. If the Moors have left no other traditions they have, at least, bequeathed to Spanish women the Eastern way of gracefully dislocating the human body without Oriental obscenity.

One beautiful evening I went to La Caletta, the Manhattan Beach of Malaga, to hear a genuine interpretation of a

malaguena. I sat in a garden by the shore of the Mediterranean, sipping some of the nectar named Malaga wine. Overhead hung a thick canopy of vine leaves, dotted here and there with luscious grapes, or scintillating stars which in color though varied, in beauty vied. To add to this enchanting scene, a string quintet and a flutist were playing music, new and strange to me, resembling the csardas. These hot-blooded Andalusians seemed to perform with more passion and energy than even the fiery Hungarians. What effects of contrast! Now, a languid, minor strain would evoke the picture of a beautiful Arabian girl at a Suez *kahwa*, performing her slow and worm-like contortions; later, the wild, tempestuous accents would fall

upon the still night air like the awful crash of a ship breaking asunder in mid-ocean. In these rhapsodies, how odd the rhythm, how extravagant the expression, how brusque the modulations! Many rules of harmony were trampled upon in a manner that seemed Wagnerian with a vengeance. And yet, these compositions were anything but modern, or what is sometimes termed music of the future. After all, of what avail would be the rules with the inhabitants of Malaga? These happy children of a sunny clime need only to express joy or sorrow with their music, and that they do indeed! The balmy air, the sensuous music, the delicious wine, and the sight of coquettish wearers of red roses and black mantillas, educing the occult powers

of this magic scene, lulled me with eyes wide open into a profound reverie.

I deplore to record the fact that the old customs are fast disappearing; that civilization brushes aside the picturesque, and that our stiff and formal movements are supplanting the characteristic dances of Spain. The *baile nacional* is a thing of the past. Outside of the concert garden, the theater, or the country festival no longer are seen boleros or fandangos. The better classes in Spain, as in other civilized countries, have adopted, long ago, the customs of French and English society. In good circles, when conversation lags, a guitar may still be used. The hidalgo of to-day may pluck the strings and beat the time with the palm of his right hand against

the instrument while singing a *Flamenco* couplet. The company will perhaps add an obligato of "*Hay! hola!*" and the clapping of hands may resound through the marble patio. But should someone propose to dance: adieu to guitar and castanets, to *cachuchas* and *malaguenas*. A *prim senorita* at a thin-toned piano will begin a waltz of Waldteufel or a polka of Fahrbach. The prosaic dance finished, and the unavoidable varnish-like chocolate swallowed, you will return to your hotel after making a courtly bow and saying to your hostess: "*A los pies de usted*" ("At your feet, madam.")

CHAPTER VI

MUSIC IN JAPAN

The state of our music in the Land of the Sun can be best illustrated by one monumental zero.

American and European residents in Yokohama, Tokio, and Kobé practise our art only in its lowest forms. Rattling pianos and unglued fiddles now and then soar to the height of selections from *Il Trovatore*. One evening at a private musicale given in honor of a Russian prince, I played the violin obbligato to Countess ——'s rendition of that noble work of boarding-school fame entitled

The Angel's Serenade. This lady, of course, sang out of tune, as all titled or very wealthy women do. That, so far, is the most important musical performance I can report. And comparing it to the treatment our art receives at Japanese hands, this moribund interpretation may be regarded as delicious.

The white colonies are not large enough to maintain good teachers, and musicians of any note seldom concertise in places so remote from each other and so far away from art-centers. Thus, excepting the occasional visit of a talented amateur from some western capital, no edifying music is heard from one end of the year to the other. But I am forgetting my theme; my intention was to speak prin-

cipally of the condition of our music among the *indigènes*.

Some years ago a Viennese pianist was engaged to direct the Imperial Conservatory of Tokio. Recently, the conceited Japs decided that Western guidance was no longer necessary, and they dismissed their European master.

I doubt if it would be possible to play with a worse intonation, a more execrable phrasing, and an *ensemble* less *ensemble* than does the average military band of Japan. Those organizations use our system of notation and our instruments. When I first heard one of these bands—cohorts would be a better name—I listened for several seconds to ascertain whether Japanese or Western music was in course

of *execution*. Only then did I perceive that an innocent waltz of Strauss was the victim. In the other few instances when our art is brought into requisition the same relative worthlessness may be recorded. Therefore, I will dismiss the subject wholesale.

Of the native cacophony called Japanese music it is impossible to speak without applying adjectives of the most uncomplimentary sort. In the Mikado's dominions the *koto* and the *samisen* (the ubiquitous instruments of music; I was about to write, torture), and the human larynx make a specialty of producing spasmodic and catarrhal sounds that never fit either in rhythm or harmony. The best singer is she who scrapes her throat

most. Until the end of life my daily prayer shall be: O Dai Butsu, Shinto, Joss, and all ye other gods, preserve me from the uncanny twang of the *samisen*!

I believe I shall find a compensation for having suffered Japanese music. When Destiny shall assail my ears with bad Western performances, I shall evoke the singing and playing of Tokio's *geisha* girls. Then, in comparison, unearthly noises will blend like divine chords.

I would respectfully suggest to music critics the use of the epithet "Japanese" whenever they wish to describe something feelingless, out of time, out of tune, and ineffably ugly.

CHAPTER VII

NATIONAL SONGS

All nations have expressed their emotions through vocal music. From remotest antiquity the historian records that man sung long before he wrote; that the histories of countries were sung before they were inscribed. The Jews always sang upon public occasions, and it is related in the scriptures that at the dedication of the walls of Jerusalem "the singers sang loud with Jezraia their overseer." In Greece, according to Plutarch, all the guests at the table used to sing the praises of the divinity. The different profes-

sions had their respective songs; the songs of the millers, of the shepherds, of the muses. The Greeks had poems set to music for each important occasion, as the marriage song, the funeral song, and so on. The Romans also adhered to similar customs. Later, we find the Anglo-Saxons practising the art of singing. It is said that their bards used to exercise witchery over the people through the power of music; men and women would weep and laugh at the doleful melodies or at the rollicking tunes of these artful musicians.

To-day, each nation has songs which portray the genius of its people. Its songs are to a country what his diction is to a man—they demonstrate the character. The northern nations of Europe prefer

melodies written in a minor key; a people held in bondage will express its sadness through its songs. The music of the Irish and the Russians exemplifies this. The languishing phrases and mournful minor harmonies utter in terms more forcible than words the sad and melancholy feelings of man. In a measure, the plaintive melodies of the North are the outcome of the cheerless scene which generally environs the people who live in cold countries. The blue sky of Southern Europe elicits joyful songs. In Italy, that land blessed of the gods, man tells in enchanting strains how sweet life is to him. The *canzone* is as spontaneous as it is beautiful. Like the rays of the sun breaking through the woodlands on a fine

spring morn, the Italian melody enthralls our hearts—lulls us into a childish dream. Melody here predominates to the neglect of harmony. But of what use is science in art if not productive of beauty? Italy's songs are never catarrhal; they need not be propped up, here and there, by the mathematical operations of the uninspired writer; they "glide along smooth, elastic, life-like, full of feeling and passion."

The romantic Spanish music seems to have been evolved from the guitar. From its tender and spasmodic twang the Spaniards have drawn their pathetic and trivial songs, and their fondness for the dance has influenced their most impassioned measures. The light and graceful *chansons* of France show the gayety and re-

finest taste of her people. Dignity and seriousness well become the Saxon temperament, not the Latin. The French are alternately swayed with love and cheerfulness. They reproduce in sounds the beauties which nature has bountifully placed around them. Teeming with profound harmonies, the German songs remain like the poems of Goethe—philosophical. The French muse is a girl of sixteen, full of life, of love, of laughter; the German muse is a pensive and beautiful woman of thirty. English music, with the exception of glees and madrigals, has nothing distinctly characteristic. In the English song we do not find that wildness and irregularity peculiar to the Scotch, that sweetness of the Irish. Still, the English

may claim a music of their own, while Americans can not do so. The mountain echoes of Switzerland are repeated in the songs of the mountaineer; the Venetian barcarolle is inspired by the rhythmical rise and fall of the gondolier's oar; to the accompaniment of the *balalaika*, the Russian lover sings his woes; with his harp the Welsh minstrel extemporizes his inimitable *penillion*; in Japan, the *musmee* drowsily chants her monotonous tune and plucks its unrhythmical accompaniment upon her *samisen*; even the Bedouin expresses his emotions in his unique, weird songs. Americans, however, have no national music.

The melodies of the plantation negroes are the most original and characteristic

musical productions we have, but we can not claim them as our national songs, since they belong exclusively to a small portion of our people.

CHAPTER VIII

TRAIN MUSICIANS EARLY

In the biography of the world's greatest musicians, it is recorded that sound artistic precepts and correct technical habits were inculcated during their childhood. The philosophy of such potent history ought to suffice for the guidance of American parents who intend to make professional musicians of their children. But does it?

In this country, the majority of pupils begin to study music seriously only after completing an academic or collegiate course. How unwise this delay! Music is unlike law, medicine, and other sciences

that can not be undertaken by children. On the contrary, it has been demonstrated repeatedly that the highest technical results become possible only when musical training is given before the body has reached its full growth. Parents who wish to give their children the proper musical opportunities can not choose their children's profession too early. For many vocations, but particularly for that of music, the most precious time of life is youth; then, no hour should be wasted in unkindred work.

After the laws of self-preservation are understood, what knowledge can be more useful than that requisite for self-maintenance? Has not science in one's profession claims over science in any other?

The end of man being to serve himself and fellow-men, what better course can he follow than that which will widen his chosen sphere of usefulness?

“Was du bist, sei ganz und ausschliesslich.” In this age of Herculean competition, where the battle of life is waged so fiercely, “the gods join in the combat,” and excellence alone survives. Though, at times, the world may want to be deceived, it generally pays only a just price for what it gets, whether that come from the heart, the brain, or the hand; thus the incompetent artist must eat less than the skilful artisan. Even within the confines of his own profession, the musician must heed the lesson of Jack-of-all-trades, and be content with the hope of achieving

greatness in one branch of his art; for to do so in many, is impossible. His success, then, will be proportionate to the quality rather than to the variety of his work. In the great factory of modern life, all labor is done through infinitesimal divisions. This is, indeed, the age of specialism. Therefore, guide the first steps of a child with one, unswerving purpose, and let the aspirant after the Muses' laurels be led in its swaddling clothes to the portals of art.

The hours needed for the musical, no less than for the general, education should be carefully allotted. Certainly, it would be well if a child could learn everything. Our span-long lives, however, ought to remind us that our study days are num-

bered. While a musician should be generally cultured, he does not need to be an expert mathematician. The science of mathematics, though not studied for itself, is no doubt valuable as mental discipline; but who can prove that the study of music is less adequate for the training of man's faculties? History, also, as taught in most schools, is to a musician, and, it might be added, to many other men, disproportionate to the effort and the time it demands. The same objection may be offered regarding other studies that are of doubtful use to the future musician, and which might be advantageously omitted. We do not employ a lawyer or a physician because he is a good musician, any more than we engage a music teacher because he is

a chemist; we would probably refuse his services on that very account and with reason. Time should be given to studies in proportion to their value in one's life work. Artists will get better results by storing their energies for art.

Of course, no father should lay down rules for the education of his child until he has considered carefully the future conditions of its life. But, if it exhibit unmistakable signs of musical aptitude, the parent ought to take immediate steps toward its physical and mental training with one single motive: Music, like Aaron's serpent, should swallow all the others.

In childhood, when the body is pliant, the mind receptive, and the memory retentive, the needful habits of body and

mind must be acquired. The practice of singing or playing ought to begin long before the muscles and bones have attained their development; they should grow into, or be moulded by the instrument, or the vocal requirements. Youth, too, is the best season for gathering any assimilable knowledge, and music is everflowing with simple facts that can not be memorized too soon, or acquired too fluently; since these must be learned sooner or later, time might as well be saved at once for their acquirement, especially when it is remembered how much more easily the child imbibes and retains new facts than the adult.

Custom rules man in his minutest actions. Education is but early habit. Let

the child intended for a musician hear all the good performances and play well the best music available. In this manner it will acquire good habits and tastes. Music has such a power over the young! Melody, harmony, rhythm enter the hidden recesses of the infantile soul and leave their imprint forever, making the child musically refined and discerning, long before it can understand either cause or effect. While ugly sounds make it shudder, beautiful ones evoke its sweetest smile. The child does not analyze sensations, and so much the better, for this very process would blunt them. Happy state of the heart, when it is cross-questioned by the mind! Youth reflects less than age and, on this account, feels more. It apprehends the

hurricane with all its fury, or the zephyr with all its charm. Is it unreasonable, then, to think that music—pre-eminently the language of the emotions—might be studied with profit when man is most susceptible to emotional influences?

The good qualities of children as students are not sufficiently appreciated. Young girls and boys are less vain than adults. The child seldom questions rules. It is filled with a holy wonder at the omniscience of its parents and teachers. It never thinks it knows it all. Youth always seeks knowledge. Even the babe, in its mother's arms, is ever trying to learn. When it turns its little head and listens wonderingly at the clapping of hands or the rattling of toys, does it not

tacitly ask: "What makes that noise?" Then, a child is usually faithful and obedient; though it is incapable of doing much work, that which it does is, as a rule, honestly done. Can the wisest among men seek the truth with more avidity and modesty than these little ones?

Harmony, counterpoint, and orchestration, it is true, can not be undertaken by children; but the young man who has learned early in life all the simpler facts and rules of music, can progress in these higher studies as soon as his mind is mature enough to grapple with the problems of musical composition. Those who have not had the preliminary training until the age of eighteen or nineteen, may lose two or three years, merely to get fundamental

principles which, acquired so late, are easily forgotten. Harmony gives the firmest substructure to a musical education, whether vocal, instrumental or theoretical. In the beginning, the study of harmony is almost always dry, meaningless, and even repugnant, except to the student who has laid a foundation in childhood; to him it is interesting. Not only does he understand the first lessons, but he even enjoys them, for they demonstrate to him theoretically what he has already experienced and appreciated in practice. The true evolution of education lies from the concrete to the abstract. What one has already discovered by personal deductions and sensations is so much better understood than that which

is accepted passively from a teacher. Those who studied music in youth find almost unaided the chord relations; others detect them solely through the rule of thumb. And when the technique of composition has been acquired, the musician who began in infancy, expresses his thoughts in a flowing and elastic style, while the writings of the others are usually, at best, severely correct.

The boy who studies music when very young may become an excellent musician before adolescence. If gifted, at that period he will begin to use the technique of his art as a means of individual expression, and no longer as an end in itself—in a word, he may develop into a true artist at an age when, notably in this

country, many would-be musicians are yet at the alphabet of their art. Had this talented lad started late, he could not have reached beyond mediocrity, though his gifts were of the highest order.

Consequently, if you wish to make a professional musician of your son, begin his training in tender age, when the simultaneous and spontaneous education of all his faculties and senses is commencing. From that time, let him study only that which is essential to make him a complete man and artist.

CHAPTER IX

THE INEXPENSIVE TEACHER

The erroneous opinion prevailing among many parents that a cheap teacher is good enough with which to start, is a source of much harm to the cause of music. To the incorrect training of beginners may be attributed a large share of the musical ignorance in the world.

Perhaps the reason for the existence of this false notion can be found in the fact that young men and women with a common school education can teach children to spell and count. But the analogy between the fitness of the schoolmaster and

that of the professor of music is not well founded. A school teacher can impart elementary knowledge without having received a university training, while no teacher of music can properly instruct beginners unless he has had a sound education and a wide musical experience, without which, no one can illustrate artistically the simplest musical axiom. All the models set before the pupil should be faultless at any period of his development.

The school teacher will not say that *a* is *b*, or that two and two make five, but many alleged music teachers take a pupil's time and money without teaching correct time, expression, fingering, or position; in the meanwhile, they ruin voices and impart a depraved musical taste through

such edifying works as "General Grant's March" and "The Maiden's Prayer."

Few beginners are sent to the leading teachers in any community. Children are generally placed with an incompetent instructor because his services can be had at a small cost. Yet there is nothing in which the saying, "What is cheap is expensive," applies with more fitness than in the case of the musical training of youth. Occasionally, the parents send the student to a good teacher after he has been with the inexpensive ignoramus during a year or two. That teacher is then obliged to prune away the inartistic off-shoots fostered by the bad examples of his predecessor before he can recommence the education of the pupil.

If it were more generally known how slow and difficult is the task of the instructor who must correct the bad habits caused by the good-enough-to-start-with teacher; and if parents could count the many diligent and gifted students who have failed on account of incorrect early training, fewer beginners would be sent to the cheap teacher.

To-day, in the United States, any self-styled "Professor" of music may find pupils. On this account, those who are entitled to the distinction, dislike it. They are particularly pleased when addressed as "Mister," for this appellation distinguishes them from the rank and file of noise-making "Professors" who infest our land.

Persons who would not let a self-taught physician prescribe their medicine, allow a self-appointed "Professor" to train their children, though his only claim to fitness as teacher be that he plays "Home Sweet Home" with variations, or rather *deviations*. Music—one of the most complex and abstruse of sciences, and the most difficult of all arts,—taught by the brainless and the untutored! How preposterous!

It is most important that the first steps should be well guided. At the initial lesson the deepest impression is made. The master-hand alone should mould the intellectual and physical clay while that precious material is soft and pliable. To let it harden under the touch of the bungler,

is worse than useless—it is irretrievably harmful. What might have become a beautiful image, must remain a caricature.

Patient practice goes for naught without artistic guidance. Place a gifted child with an incompetent music teacher and you destroy much that nature has done. No amount of genuine and diligent study can obliterate bad precepts from the impressionable mind of youth. If you can not give your child the best of musical training, give him none. Let his time and your money be devoted to a better purpose than the development of a musical nuisance.

Had most great musicians received improper early instruction, the world would not have heard of them. Placed, when

young, under the nefarious influence of a bad master, these artists would not have unfolded their unusual gifts. Can we form a conception of the number of embryonic *virtuosi* that have been turned into hopeless mediocrities by the teachings of inefficient instructors?

It is false economy to secure a cheap music teacher at any time, but particularly so when the pupil is young, impressionable, and ignorant. Were he advanced, there would be no danger: his knowledge would render him invulnerable to charlatanism.

CHAPTER X

SIGHT-SINGING

The art of singing music at sight (sol-feggio), which should form a special study, is neglected by most students; to move the fingers rapidly upon an instrument or to spoil a song, seems to be their exclusive aim. The advantages arising from a division of studies must have been evident to the directors of some of the leading conservatories of Europe, for the study of sight-singing is compulsory in their institutions. Division of studies in the school corresponds to division of labor in the factory; a concise and systematic text-book, to a labor-saving tool.

In this country, with rare exceptions, pupils are trained to read and play or read and sing at one and the same time; they are forced to extricate themselves from the meshes of musical theory, while endeavoring to free themselves from the intricacies of technique. It is difficult enough to do well one thing at a time. How, then, can young students master, together with the position of the hands and body, namely, the fingering, the division of the measure, the notation, the intonation, the tempo, the expression, the accents, and so forth, when each is a new and complex problem? Crowding the mind with a multitude of heterogeneous ideas produces hesitation, confusion, imperfection, and much valuable time is lost

in the endeavor to save time. The perplexities attending the instrumentalist or the vocalist at his first steps are multiplied, and the advancement in reading and playing or singing is retarded. In two hours, one devoted to sight-singing and the other to the instrument or voice culture, more would have been accomplished than in three hours given to the two studies simultaneously. This unwise education causes a dearth of sight-readers. How many among good pianists can play at sight an accompaniment of moderate difficulty? Not one in ten. This may seem a strange assertion, but soloists throughout the United States will bear witness to the moderation of this statement. How many among trained vocalists can sing music of moderate difficulty

at sight? How many can strike augmented or diminished intervals without the aid of an instrument or another voice? Not one in a hundred. Had these musicians studied sight-singing, such inefficiency could not be recorded.

Among the players of bowed instruments who have had no training in sight-singing, only few can take at sight a note belonging to the harmony but requiring upon one string a skip of a seventeenth or over. Intervals of this kind would not be difficult to players who have received proper instruction in sight-singing, because the intervals would be clear in their minds before reaching for them. In advance they would know the exact pitch of any note.

The art of conducting is facilitated by the study of sight-singing. One who has been trained for a few years in this much-neglected branch of musical education, learns to handle the baton with exactitude, while only a few among our many pseudo-musical directors can divide a slow movement into six eighths. At best, without regard to the expression, most conductors cause their musical forces to march, like a platoon of soldiers, to the set metronome.

To the neglect of sight-singing, many other bad results can be attributed. The object here has been to point out only the most flagrant.

CHAPTER XI

THE CHANGE OF VOICE

Voices of children may be ruined forever at the period of the change of voice. Between the ages of twelve and sixteen there lurks danger unseen by many parents, and unheeded by ignorant or dishonest teachers.

Too great a precaution can not be taken during the critical period when the larynx becomes more or less red, and its tissues looser, while the vocal ligaments grow longer and thicker. At that time the vocal organs may be easily irritated and weakened, and the practice of singing may arrest their development.

While the voice is in the state of mutation, which lasts from six months to two years, extreme notes must not be sung, and the vocal organs should be used as little as possible. In most cases children ought to cease singing until after the voice has assumed its immutable character.

To illustrate the case forcibly, may I relate a personal experience? Between the years of twelve and fourteen I was a boy soprano in Marseilles, France. In operas or oratorios, where one was needed who could sing correctly from *c* below the stave to *b flat* above it, I was often selected. Every Sunday I sang in a Greek church. When I was about fourteen, one Sunday I found myself unable to reach my *b flat*. The director of the

music, who, no doubt, knew the cause of my failure, but who could not find another boy to take my place at once, allowed me to retain my post. Sunday after Sunday my voice grew huskier, and its compass contracted until, finally, my services having become of no use, I was requested to rest to recover from my "cold," as the choirmaster more gently than truthfully expressed it. This happened many years ago, and I still have that "cold."

My experience is parallel to that of many other boy choristers. Parents, musical directors, and, particularly, public school teachers, can not be reminded too often of the dangerous condition of the vocal organs at that epoch of life. At

that time, thousands of voices are ruined yearly through the ignorance or disobedience of physiological laws.

CHAPTER XII

CHAT WITH STUDENTS

Those whose object is to serve the public in a professional capacity should know that the mastery of one thing will not suffice to attain lasting success. For most professions, but especially for that of music, the heart and head as well as the hand must be educated. No one is a musician simply because he has conquered the technical difficulties of his instrument.

Pupils ought not to neglect their general education while studying music. It is pitiful to see a fine artist who, outside of his art, is ignorant: we too often meet

such! Of course, the student should acquire as much execution as possible; but this must not be at the expense of everything else. No one can be a teacher or artist whose attainments begin and end in the hand or in the throat. In our age of progress, of scientific research and discovery, the wide-awake theorist who has manual skill, will go beyond the individual whose talents are solely manual.

Bear in mind that experience, reflection, concentration, feeling, and doing are deeper sources of learning than books. Books may impart knowledge, but they create nothing. As Goethe says:

“The parchment roll is that the holy river
From which one draught shall slake the thirst forever
The quickening power of science, only he can know,
From whose own soul it gushes free !”

In art, as in business, originality is one of the most valuable possessions. Unless a composition possess individuality, where is the reason for its being? Common-place ideas, however well expressed, add not one iota to the sum of human knowledge and edification. Models, though well copied, add nothing to art. The most useful power of man is his ability to create something; all his knowledge should be utilized to that end. Therefore, it is better to cultivate the power of thinking than to crowd the mind with incongruous facts. A good memory is desirable, but it alone will not suffice in the ever-shifting tactics of life's battle.

Beware of onesidedness and hasty judgments. Unless you want to acquire an

imitative style, study all styles of music with equal care. Never put your trademark on an imitation. Fill your memory with the thoughts of the wise but, if you can not say something new, remain silent. A taciturn fool is preferable to a babbling idiot.

Men well versed in other ways, though ignorant of the simplest laws of art, often express what they regard as a just musical opinion. What a pity that such presumption should not be the exclusive weakness of fools! Reserve your opinion of a new composer. Geniuses are easily misunderstood. It matters not how intelligent you may be, you will always find it easier to inventory your knowledge than to fathom your ignorance. The presence in the mind

of feebly apprehended facts, or, at times, even the total absence of facts, seldom keeps some critics from expressing their views. Starting from false premises, they naturally arrive at absurd conclusions. In the domain of music, where facts are complex, and where individual feeling must enter largely, one may often reason foolishly. And musicians, more than other men, need the practice of logical thinking. If many would say, "I do not like this," instead of, "This is bad," their opinion would be more valuable. Try to admire the ensemble rather than to criticise the details of a work of art.

Avoid exclusiveness in art. It is no better than fanaticism in religion, and it may become as great an obstacle to the

art of a nation as exclusive patriotism is to the development of civilization. If you are long absorbed by one particular style, your mind becomes trammled by its characteristics. It might be preferable to disdain all traditions. Marked success is often achieved by a disregard for conventionalities—one of the traits of genius. And although geniuses are erratic, the world pardons them, yea, loves them! notwithstanding this fault. Learn to appreciate justly all schools and systems while avoiding cringing imitation.

As teachers, you must be able to analyze to the pupils the things you wish them to undertake. You should communicate your intentions in the clearest and most concise words. You ought to give a reason

for each advice. If you can not do so, your pupils will have good grounds to doubt the value of your counsel; and faith in the teacher is absolutely necessary. When the pupil's confidence in the master is shaken, further advice becomes almost worthless. To communicate knowledge under such circumstances is like drawing nectar into a sieve.

Be systematic. Of what use are good precepts presented without method? What can the competent teacher do in a school where the system is bad? Comprehend, sympathize with, and adapt yourselves to the individual requirements of each pupil. For this you need to be more wise than skilful. Though many general principles apply in all cases, the teacher should dis-

cover particular laws for the guidance of each student. One strong-minded pupil surmounts digital obstacles, while he is incapable of playing with artistic expression. Another, perhaps a sensitive nature, always dreads the difficulty of execution. It is obvious that different methods must be used with such different pupils.

A teacher may exaggerate defects in order to show in the most forcible manner what to avoid.

Be slow to accept new methods. Nearly all the "rapid" systems may be labeled frauds. If you must buy music with which you are unfamiliar, select that which is from the pen of a renowned composer. Never listen to bad music, never

let your eye linger on a daub, never read worthless novels and sensational journals, unless it be for the purpose of noting defects. The mind that has been nourished on trash can not escape its debilitating effect. The hearing of good music is as necessary to the musician as the sight of master pieces is to the painter.

Be courageous. The fear of making a mistake is often the very cause of the mistake. Yet, do not be too bold in performing what you have not thoroughly studied. While trying to acquire a clear comprehension of the exact meaning of each mark of expression, adhere strictly to the text. Later, experience will give the key to the unwritten signs. In the meanwhile, wait patiently for artistic ripening and

choose to be a mechanical tyro rather than an eccentric neophyte. Thus avoid extremes, for temperance is neither debauch nor austerity, and your *tempo rubato* may be easily turned into *tempo mescolato* (confused). You may give so much expression as to appear ridiculous.

Never yield to despair though your task be arduous and perplexing. Things which to the youthful mind seem like calamities, often are blessings. Temporary discouragement is not a bad sign. It is far better to be dissatisfied with your progress than to believe yourself omniscient. In the first case, unless you are a moral coward, you may be spurred on to greater effort; while on the other hand, you will, through vanity, incapacitate yourself even from

learning the plain fact that you are ignorant.

You have before you a long and tortuous road if you wish to become successful musicians. Remember, however, that good work is never done in vain, and that labor frequently accomplishes more than genius. The gifted student often fails where his less fortunate brother succeeds through dogged tenacity. Music is one of the rare pleasures that is unaccompanied by regrets; 'tis a rose without thorns. The enjoyment from its understanding ought, alone, to compensate you for all your pains. Have faith in yourselves, and let carefulness, patience, perseverance, and hope be forever inscribed upon your banners.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW TO PRACTISE

I would ask you to accept recognized authorities without much questioning until you are full-fledged artists. You will gain more by obeying good teachers implicitly than by acting upon your own impulses. For example, classical music in the beginning of one's studies may be repugnant. Later, however, you will have acquired a taste for better works and the power to appreciate such. You might as well eat candy instead of meat, as to play trashy music because it happens to

please you to-day. The palate of the child can not warn him against the danger threatening his stomach. I would compare his helpless condition to the state of one's mind when taking initial steps in art-life. A babe gladly swallows poison if given in an attractive pill. If your teacher tells you to practise something which may now seem useless, or which may be positively annoying, obey! The advice is given for your own good, not for the teacher's pleasure.

One of the most important duties is to train the mind and body to the habit of work. In time, an acquired habit will become a new function of the brain which will later manifest itself even without volition. After exercising the

brain or muscles in a new channel, we may not be able to perform that new act well at the hour of the next trial, but after a day or two, when we repeat the practice, we find ourselves able to do it with astonishing facility. In other words we grow silently, unconsciously into the new psychological or physiological habit. The acts of irrational animals are mostly automatic. It is the privilege of man to add through study and practice an almost endless number of complex habits; in fact, most of his performances are the result of training. This elevates him among animals. His aptitude to learn new and difficult movements proves his superiority over other creatures. There are many inborn ten-

dencies to some actions in all animals, like the sudden closing of the eyelids to preserve the eye, but such unconscious, instinctive acts are very few compared to the many that are required by the civilized man in his daily pursuits, and by that remarkable exponent of a civilization—the great artist.

Any act becomes easier by repetition. Were it not so, our existence would be wasted to acquire only a few simple things; and these would demand constant practice, that we might retain them. Think of the difficulties experienced by the child when first trying to stand on its feet! How hard it finds it to comb its hair! With a little practice, however, these acts become automatic, that is, they

are done without conscious effort of the will or muscles. Were it not that with repetition a performance becomes easier, the pianist would spend his whole life trying to play one scale. An important advantage gained by the reiteration of a correct habit is that the will is no longer required; and it is very important to economize that energy. Habit is indeed more than second nature. It simplifies our movements and diminishes fatigue. When first learning to play or sing we stumble at every step, and yet our whole attention may be concentrated upon the work in hand. After sufficient practice, we can not make mistakes if we would; then, we may perform great difficulties with an insignificant expenditure of will.

power and muscular energy. With careful rehearsing we produce remarkable results instantaneously and simultaneously. At a glance, we read a forty-line score and unravel its mechanical and psychical mysteries with our ten fingers on the piano. We perform an astonishing series of marvelous acts as if we were only breathing. But it is just as easy to do the wrong thing as the right one, if bad habits have been acquired. A correct musical performance consists of many difficult movements made simultaneously. This depends largely upon the mechanical, inattentive, and unconscious feeling which has been ingrained in the performer through his past intellectual efforts, made in the silent hours of the night, perhaps,

when he suffered from a headache, or while his fingers ached and his throat burned. The acquirement of desirable and difficult automatic acts can only be in proportion to the amount of mental work done in the past. Gain the unconscious memory of a difficulty, and you will perform it without the slightest effort.

At this period of your life, good or bad habits are easily formed and now especially, should you aim to assimilate all that is good. One of the greatest desiderata is to love labor, not merely beast-of-burden work, but love of the effort which demands the concentration of all your faculties. It is not sufficient merely to play or sing a set number of hours a day; that would produce little result unless

the practising were correct. How much you practise is not that which counts; it is how you practise. Were you to study incorrectly until Doom's day, what would the result be?

As regards the acquirement of life-habits, I may add without digressing unnecessarily from the subject: Acquire as many useful ones as soon as possible. Let your diction and phraseology be elegant, your manner and etiquette faultless; always respect the laws of man and nature; and never say, do or think aught but that which builds up a good reputation, and better still—a beautiful character.

Practise with brains and heart as well as fingers and throat. The possession of a fine voice is not enough to be a singer al-

though it is an advantage that no training can supply. When one has the ability to regulate his voice, to understand its management, to interpret with correct traditions, perfect intonation and, in addition, possesses a musical temperament, a better effect may be produced with an inferior voice than a stupid singer could render with the finest organ. The perfect use of the vocal apparatus is essential to good singing. Still, there is another qualification of much more importance. Although you might have the best-regulated breathing, a precise intonation, and a faultless execution of difficult trills, groups, appoggiaturas, fiorituras, and skips, these would only be mechanical attainments. With such accomplishments alone, you

would never move an audience. Vivid emotion can only be imparted when you, yourself, are agitated by a violent impulse. You ought to live the life you represent in your song, and the pain or joy in the composition should be as if your own. Real tears, I may almost say, ought to fill your eyes when singing a pathetic phrase. You should bubble over with joy if rendering a gay strain; and the smile on your face must come there unbidden. Look happy or sad because you can not help it. When intense passion is to be expressed, let the blood violently rush to your cheeks as if the pain were really located in your heart. If you can abandon yourself to such tempestuous currents, you will never be called mechanical, unsympathetic—the

worst criticism that may be passed on work supposed to be artistic, for it means that the would-be artist is only an artisan, a workman, a cobbler, however well he made the shoes.

To play or sing a new work well you should begin by dissecting it. First, read and enunciate the verses clearly, giving their full meaning, and adding later, the facial expression and the gesticulations. After this, attention should be turned to the musical side—the notation, the slightest details of expression. Unusual skips should be practised often. Then try the accompaniment by itself. These things done well one by one, might now be executed altogether. In playing or singing, always listen to yourself. The most im-

portant thing to attain is a fine tone-quality and this can only be gained by constantly imagining a better color of tone than you produce, while, at the same time, endeavoring to create such an ideal. Some will say, it is a great task to practise in so thorough a manner. But if you do not study thus you might better not study at all; you would then save your time and money. Do you think it takes just as many minutes to play two hours carelessly as to play with care? I can prove to you it seems to take more of them. Have you not noticed how time drags if you are watching the clock, instead of centering all your energies upon your work?

You can not learn too soon to love hard work. It is the only kind that is fruitful.

Never be discouraged because anyone plays or sings better than you do. The only reason may be, this one has practised better. Let your instrument be always in perfect tune and of the best quality. Conquer some new difficulty daily. Never do anything aimlessly. Never trifle with the instrument. Do not play that which the teacher has not suggested, and still less, that which he forbids. Would you go to a doctor and then take the medicine you happen to like the taste of, and reject the one he gave you? What would be the use of going to him?

When you perform a composition, instead of going through its entire length, always stumbling over the same difficulties, mark those hard passages and play

them frequently in proportion as they are difficult. If an arpeggio is in itself twenty times harder than the remainder of the piece, you should play it twenty consecutive times before proceeding to the next measure. You can not go too often over the same unconquered spot. Paderewski has repeatedly played the same short runs hundreds of times without intermission. A great singer who was praised for her wonderful gift of trill said: "If you practised trilling as many hours during many years as I have, you, too, would trill as I do." When a passage is ten times harder than another, why not play it ten times more? If a finger be weaker why not use it oftener to raise its strength to that of the stronger fingers? That is genius—the

power for taking pains. You can not exercise this faculty too much and you will be amply repaid for your sacrifice by the resultant success.

Be your own teacher at home by listening to yourself, being very strict and critical concerning your own work. You shall derive almost as much advantage as if the teacher were with you all the time. Always be careful. A neat execution is the only kind that can bear fruit. The oftener you practise in a slovenly manner the more deeply will that habit be impressed in your technique. Slow practice is the basis of all good execution. Always scrutinize a piece thoroughly before beginning it. Pupils often start and suddenly stop merely because they had not

looked at the signature. Never be angry with your instrument. It does not care a fig about your feelings. I would warn you to pay strict attention to rests when practising alone. If you acquire the reckless way of stealing the time of rests, you will find yourself in trouble when performing with other musicians.

Do not lower yourself to the standard of your environment, if it is low. Raise it to yourself. This must be done judiciously. To please ignorant auditors, however, it is not necessary to perform monstrosities—there are many good compositions, simple, melodious, charming. “Minstrels’ songs,” “two-steps” and similar vulgarities are not essential even to the common herd. Haydn, Handel Mo

zart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Rubinstein, Gounod, Godard, Chaminade, Massenet, Saint-Saëns, and others have painted tone-pictures as pleasing to a Bowery boy as any of the ugly phrases now so dear to his heart.

The tunes pleasing to the average man are largely so through the power of association. He has heard them, they have impressed themselves upon his memory; perhaps his sweetheart hummed them; may be with such melodies his mother rocked him to sleep. Is it to be wondered at that he should prefer coarse songs learned under such circumstances?

Let the number of hours you should practise be regulated by your strength, health and moods. Four hours a day for

instrumentalists, and two hours for singers may be regarded as a fair average. If your back aches or your throat is sore, you are unwise in practising before being again in your normal condition. You should divide your hours. If you practise without interruption during many hours you may injure your health without gaining corresponding benefits. Back of all human efforts there needs be the substructure of a sound body. Give about one-half of your time to scales, tone, and other technical details. Inventory your musical knowledge and keep a record of the studies and pieces you have mastered. Regulate the number of hours at your disposal. Make a note in a little book of your individual defects, and especially, of those

idiosyncrasies peculiarly your own—weak vocal organs, an unskilful hand, a careless way, the tendency to hurry, the abuse of the *tempo rubato*, slovenly pedalling, the inability to read, mannerisms, neglect of tone-qualities, of accents, of rhythm, spasmodic dividing of time, etc., habits resulting from heredity or idiotic practice, or inculcated by incompetent teachers. Beware of vanity. To the careful and modest, his execution shall seem full of glaring faults, and he, even without his teacher, may discover remedies. The conceited will be blinded, and will almost cherish his own defects; a bear loves its ugliest cub. To do a thing once well is not enough. In order to retain it, do it many times well without inter-

ruption. Practise one thing at a time. The left hand and now the right, if you are a pianist; the fingering, then the bowing if a violinist; one tone in one breath, and then many, if a singer.

Always have a high ideal, and strive to attain it. To succeed in this profession, you must not regard musical art as an ear-tickling pastime. This would hardly inspire you to sacrifice much for the attainment of such a toy. You should look upon music as the most poetic and powerful of tongues, as the noblest expression of the soul, excelling in depth, intensity, variety, sublimity, all the other arts. Then you will be on the road to success as a musical artist, provided you have the artistic temperament, and the ability to work humbly, patiently, hopefully!

CHAPTER XIV

ABOUT STAGE ETIQUETTE

There is a most fitting word in French to express the manner in which many appear on the concert platform. It is the word *gauche*, which means crooked, ill-shaped, awkward, unsuccessful, clumsy, left-handed, uncouth, ungainly, gawky, clownish. Such a stage-presence predisposes the public against one from the start. A weak, undecided approach to the footlights denotes lack of faith in your own self, and the audience takes you at your word, placing no more faith in you, than you in yourself. The public

even goes farther, for its first inclination is to detract from your real worth, if your name is new. Until you prove yourself to be more than was expected, those who listen for the first time are prone to rate you lower than you are: so perverse is human nature!

Do not depend upon that inspiration which idle mediocrity awaits, but add science to soul. It is not enough to feel confident of yourself. You must know the canons, the traditional technique as it were, necessary to produce the intended effect in public. Correct stage deportment is not wholly the result of inspiration any more than is fine playing and singing. It is the outcome of careful training and intelligent study. Poets are born, but

public performers are made. Those who move an audience effectively whether with a piano or a larynx, must conform to many laws that are not inborn. There are absolute rules of stage etiquette.

The great actor, Talma, said that he left nothing to chance. He premeditated all his effects, and Coquelin, the foremost contemporaneous comedian, declares the same thing. Of course, when you appear in public you should not have to reflect upon what you are doing. You should have done the right thing so many times and thought so often upon it, that now it is done well through the unconscious memory. Grace requires that there be no appearance of self-consciousness.

The genuine artist allows full sway to

his emotions and pictures before the footlights the promptings of his soul in unmistakable signs. Little can he think at that moment about the position of his legs, the modulation of his voice, or the emphasis to be given to this or that word. Gentle, brutal, diabolical, or divine sentiments—all must flow from him as naturally as a stream of water from its spring.

What a vast retrospective vista from that artistic development down to the life of the child! This same being, whose wax-like limbs, perhaps only two scores of years ago, barely kept its little body from toppling over and whose lisping tongue could not distinctly utter “mama,” now personifies Shakespeare’s or Wagner’s mighty heroes. The sensory, the intellectual, and

the ethical elements expressed by the vocal apparatus giving color, pitch, and accent to sounds, and the muscular machinery, with its gestures, communicate to the auditor an impression from the actor which may wring tears from a heart of stone, and yet, but twenty years ago, this same organism, devoid of intellect and sentiment, could only giggle or moan.

The main cause of this evolution, aside from the natural physical and psychical development, is the special training of this man. Still, to become a superior artist, he must have possessed hereditary gifts without which almost all his education would be fruitless; and greatest among these must be counted his enthusiasm. Enthusiasm alone, however, may turn to

fanaticism. While the mind and energies may be temporarily in the complete possession of a subject, passion, or fancy, they should not allow the preponderance of the emotional over the intellectual powers.

Intense and unregulated excitement of the feelings may indicate a warm and artistic temperament, but it also demonstrates ignorance of the laws of art. Unbridled fervor causes an extravagant and absurd expression; thus, owing to improper training, a gifted person may appear ridiculous. Enthusiasm without æsthetic laws is to music or elocution what passionate fanaticism is to religion. Therefore, while it is desirable that you be filled with the divine afflatus, and that you be stirred with what some have called

the madness of the poet, it is hoped that you will ever study to keep this noble faculty within the boundaries of good taste.

CHAPTER XV

SHOULD PUPILS USE INSTRUMENTS OF FINE TONE-QUALITIES?

The answer is self-evident. Pupils should use instruments of fine tone-qualities.

Carry your arm in a sling for six months and it will become almost paralyzed. Remain in the dark for that length of time and you may lose your eyesight. Likewise, let a pupil listen to an ugly quality of tone for a number of years, and he may become incapacitated from fully appreciating tone-colors. This will lower his standard of beauty in sound, just as surely

as it would vulgarize his diction should he be allowed to associate with illiterate persons.

Ignorant parents and teachers are often heard to say, "This cheap instrument will do for the first few years." Such a remark may be judicious if the question of making the child study music seriously is yet undecided; economy, in such a case, would be wise should musical practice be discontinued. When, however, the question has been decided in the affirmative, how stupid it is to begin the education of the ear with a poor quality of tone, particularly at a time when that organ is so susceptible to good or bad impressions! Would a father smile at the petty thefts of his young son and say, "His criminal

conduct will do for the first few years?" This illustration may seem unnecessarily strong, yet no musician will deny that the analogy is good.

If you wish a child to be moral, begin by preaching to him virtuous precepts. If you want to cultivate in him the power to perceive all the nuances and beauties in tone, buy him a good instrument. This in itself will act as a potent teacher.

Familiarity with that which is desirable elevates the standards in any sphere of human action. Conversely, contact with that which is bad contaminates.

The proverb, "Familiarity breeds contempt," like almost every other popular saw, fails in its general application. For example, as regards the use of an instru-

ment of bad tone-qualities, familiarity, instead of breeding contempt, becomes a source of satisfaction—yes, even of admiration. Being obliged to play upon an instrument of this character, a man endowed with a fine ear will first curse it; after a few consecutive months of practise he will learn to endure it, and, finally cherish it. This has been the experience of a great many artists who have been unfortunate enough to use a poor grade of musical goods. And, by the way, how few musicians there are who have not suffered thus at a period in life before their art had ripened into salable merchandise?

What is the greatest thing in music?
Tone, tone, tone! The quality of tone I

mean, is what the French call *timbre*, a word which fitly expresses the difference between notes which, though of the same pitch and power, yet produce dissimilar effects. The Germans call it *Klangfarbe*, or sound-colors; some have also named it *Clangtint*. The best English word for *timbre* is quality. A *timbre* neither harsh, thin, hollow, nasal, woody, metallic, fuzzy, nor wheezy—a color full, clear, round, resonant, charming, fascinating, is the kind of tone to which I refer. All the skill of the executant can not produce this upon an instrument whose voice is essentially unmusical. Upon such, even Chopin, notwithstanding his pianistic ability, would not have touched his æsthetic listeners in the same manner. The

rendition of his ineffably beautiful tone-fancies would have left many cold, who, through a warm, sympathetic, heart-stirring *timbre*, were moved to tears.

A painter may conceive a heavenly blue, but what will he paint if he possess only a tube of flat black? His conception, then, will remain hidden in his imagination. It will not reach my eyes.

Have Paderewski and Ysaye more execution or a louder tone than other musicians? Not at all. Every good artist executes the same difficulties, and some worthless executants perform digital feats even more difficult. And no one doubts that there are myriads of players who, in a duet, would drown any one of the two foregoing artists. Why, then, is the

world at the feet of these two? Mainly on account of the beautiful voice with which they sing—a tone which thrills and transports the heart.

A melody inspired by an imaginary angel's voice and interpreted through a fog-horn might better have remained in the realm of the composer's scul. Silence would be preferable for composer and public. Bad actors kill plays and bad musical instruments kill compositions.

The lovely offsprings of a poet's brain, appearing through defective channels of tonal expression, become monsters.

Should the reader wish to ascertain the scientific reasons for the difference in tone-qualities of musical instruments, I would advise the reading of Helmholtz's "Die

Lehre der Tonempfindungen," one of the best works on tone. R. Koenig, in his work, "Expériences d'Acoustique," has also added much valuable information to this branch of musical art and science. This short chapter can not include a scientific exposition of the subject. The purpose is simply to recommend the exclusive use of high-class instruments to those who hope to become good musicians.

The mechanism of a well-made instrument helps the executant in the production of clearness, rapidity, and dynamics. Not one of these functions, however, is so important as the intrinsic beauty of the *timbre* a well-made instrument possesses.

The education of the ear should have the first consideration in musical training,

and a poor instrument will injure that organ instead of developing its ability to discern the best tone-colors. As a result, the musical taste of the student will be vitiated. Therefore, I am impelled to urge the use of instruments of fine tone-qualities at all stages of a student's development. An instrument of this kind will do what no precepts can: it will unfold a most important faculty—the power of appreciating the beautiful in tone.

CHAPTER XVI

WAGNERITES

The word Wagnerite is not to be found in the dictionary. I shall venture to define it. A Wagnerite is a person affected by excessive enthusiasm on Wagner's music; one who indulges in wild or extravagant notions concerning it; a musical fop; a music-of-the-future maniac; a fanatic.

The human trait whose parallel we trace in the ape, asserts itself vehemently through the pretended admiration of fashionable persons for Wagner's works. It is the proper thing to affect to like "Vogner." It is fashionable to go to hear his operas.

Like a woman wearing an unpleasantly tight fitting, though stylish garment, who, while suffering, declares that she is perfectly at ease, so these fashionables listen to something that does not interest them and, instead of confessing that they are bored, speak in raptures about "the voluptuous sweetness," "the passionate explosion," "the indescribable beauty," "the wonderful development" of this or that *leit* motive. To be stylish, they must pretend to go into ecstasies when listening to anything by Wagner. One of the chief characteristics of these musical hypocrites is their unfeigned contempt for the productions of other composers. Wagner himself would surely have rebuked with stern censure those who, giving themselves

the air of connoisseurs, look on disdainfully at the mere mention of the name of any other composer.

The enjoyment of the better forms of music is the fruit of special culture. No one can appreciate and fully enjoy a fugue, a symphony, or an opera unless he be a student of the art, and yet, though often an enigma even to musicians, Wagner's music is always clear as the noon-day sun to those musical fops. But, O Shade of Wagner! Behold the inconsistency of human nature! Some of these persons play the banjo!

There is another set of Wagnerites, musicians of eccentric tastes, whose homage is sincere, but whose adoration is the outcome of a strange hallucination.

Beauty, to their eyes, can only be pictured through harsh effects. Beings with this propensity existed before Wagner came to titillate their auditory nerves, for Berlioz wrote of them: "It is absolutely requisite, to please these gentry, that music should be crammed with chords of the second major and minor, with sevenths, ninths, fourths and fifths employed without reason or intention, unless that of being as frequently as possible harsh to the ear. These musicians take a fancy to dissonant chords, as certain animals have a predilection for salt, prickly plants and thorny shrubs."

No one can deny that some of Wagner's harmonies are peculiarly constituted to satisfy these odd creatures. Of course,

that he should be indiscriminately praised by persons of eccentric tastes, or by those who want to be stylish — the two most familiar species of Wagnerites — does not, in the least degree, lessen the worth of his marvellous works.

CHAPTER XVII

MUSIC AND MONEY

“If people will buy only oleomargarine, why should I offer them butter?”

In mercantile affairs this pertinent, though egoistical query may be justifiable; in art, it is revolting. Yet, it is asked daily by our composers, publishers, teachers, artists, journalists, and theatrical managers. The vestals who should keep alive the sacred fire leave the temple to worship around the golden calf.

In art, the public ought to be regarded as a crowd of boys who prefer base-ball to the pleasures of the imagination. It

is as much the duty of artists to refine the taste of their hearers as it is the obligation of parents to train their children for a better occupation than ball throwing.

Now and then, every musician should play or write what he likes rather than that which he thinks will please or sell. Musical composition is too often turned into commercial speculation. The money-making disposition of our people, by causing them to consider the pecuniary, before the intrinsic value of their art-products, seriously hinders their æsthetic development.

For the purpose of money-getting some musicians offer almost anything, however bad. Others, more honest than wise, persistently try to produce compositions that

can neither be understood nor enjoyed without a preliminary education, which they know the public has not had. Commercially, this is soon found to be unprofitable; and as no artist is devoid of a stomach, though he be the most refined among men, another course is soon followed. This musical missionary gives up his post rather than starve. He no longer attempts to nourish souls by the cramming process used in fattening geese for *patés de foies gras*; this bold art crusader finally falls into the ranks of dollar-pickers.

It is to be regretted that those who would attain popularity as composers must silence the dictates of good taste. The one who does not endeavor to gratify

coarse palates often sees his work shelved. Unfortunately, in the musical, as in any other profession, the exploitation of human foibles usually pays best.

In the attainment of desirable things, extremes should be avoided. Musical taste can no more be created by Bach's fugues than by the vapid jingle called "popular music." But, is there no golden mean, one is tempted to ask? Must artists stoop to people's pockets, or shoot over people's heads? Can they not cultivate the taste of their hearers by gradually introducing a better class of music in our homes, our schools, our churches, and our theaters? In doing so judiciously, they would benefit themselves quite as much as the public, for, in time, they would

come to be regarded as educators, while now they are known only as dealers in pleasant noise.

We have many musical temperaments that only await the opportunity for development, and our nation is able to pay for the best instructors. What grander things, too, than our mountains, canons, caves, forests, and rivers could be found on earth to inspire composers? Those who intend to put their own representation of nature in some art-form must observe nature itself, no less than man's ideal view of it. What magnificent opportunities for such studies we Americans have! Is it not to be regretted that music should be at so low an ebb in a country so richly endowed by nature, and where, in almost

all other fields, such great results have been attained? Much of the blame for this condition of our music lies with those musicians who busy themselves exclusively with money-making, to the detriment of the art-life of their country.

CHAPTER XVIII

PADEREWSKI

“——If human syllables could e’er refashion
That fierce electric passion;
If other art could match (as were the poet’s duty)
The grieving and the rapture, and the thunder
Of that keen hour of wonder—
That light as if of heaven, that blackness as of hell—
How Paderewski plays then might I dare to tell.

—*Gilder.*

With no small amount of diffidence, and even suspicion, did I await the effect to be produced upon my intellect and heart by that much-advertised, much-lauded, and much-paid pianist. I felt a certain prejudice against this artist, for I knew what had been done by a piano firm to advertise him effectively. “The newspaper

halo of glory which surrounds Paderewski's name may influence your judgment. Beware!" said I to myself. And, like the juryman who prepares himself to counteract with pure reason the tremendous power of the lawyer noted for his eloquence, I listened. An unpleasant incident occurred in the very beginning of the concert. While Paderewski was playing his first number, persons were allowed to enter the hall, an uncivilized custom, and boys in the lobby were shouting "programmes" as only small boys can shout. This forced the artist to stop his performance rather abruptly. Many in the audience applauded, thinking the number finished. Paderewski left the stage in disgust, and did not return until

all noises were subdued by the announcement from the manager that Mr. Paderewski was very nervous, and that he would not be able to give his recital unless absolute quiet be kept. The ladies on the stage were requested not to fan themselves. He finally reappeared and began again the "Fantaisie Chromatique et Fugue" of Bach. I was soon transported by the enchanting music that caressingly whispered or thunderingly pealed.

Paderewski's playing is the spontaneous outcome of inherent feeling; at least, it never seems the result of study. Amazing versatility, nobility of style, breadth and delicacy of tone, tenderness and refinement, elegance, poetry, pathos, fire, are some of his ineffable attributes. I had

never dreamed that such a coloring could be given from a piano. His palette is the rainbow.

Of his facility of execution—technique—what shall I say? It is not absolutely faultless. Here and there, a slight blur is heard, but then, even the sun has spots! Paderewski's execution is all that could be expected in a human performer. It is almost perfect, and I know that it is unexcelled. This, however, is the part least worthy of praise. It should be taken for granted that a pianist has command over his instrument. But no true artist ought to be measured by the dexterity of his fingers. Technique is only a means to an end, not an end in itself; it is to music what words are to language—only media

for thoughts and feelings. Parrots have lingual technique: who praises their ideas?

Paderewski occasionally exaggerates his dynamic effects, his rhythms, his *tempi*. There is a boundary line even to a marked individuality, and there are moments when too much originality may degenerate into absurdities. Whether to catch the rabble, or whether it was the true artistic instinct that dictated the lifting of the hands so high, and the waiting of an unpardonable length of time before bringing forth a very loud chord in Liszt's rhapsody, I can not say. These may be matters of taste; if so, my taste tells me they were exaggerations.

Though Paderewski's playing is eccen-

tric occasionally, it is never commonplace, and at times, it seems to attain the highest human expression.

CHAPTER XIX

GUILMANT

An event memorable in the annals of music in America took place. It was the coming to our shores of Guilmant, the best living organist and composer for that emperor among instruments: the organ. The programme in which I heard him was as follows:

Toccata in F, ...	<i>Bach</i>
Offertory in D flat, Op. 8, ...	<i>Salomé</i>
Sonata Pontificale, ...	<i>Lemmens</i>
1. Allegro.	
2. Adagio.	
3. March Pontificale.	
4. Fugue—Fanfare.	
a. Invocation in B flat, ...	} <i>Guilmant</i>
b. Finale in E flat, ...	
c. Funeral March and Hymn of Seraphs, ...	
Canon in B minor, ...	<i>Schumann</i>
Pastorale in E, ...	<i>de la Tombelle</i>
Toccata in G, ...	<i>Dubois</i>
Improvisation on the theme to be given.	
March for a Church Festival, ...	<i>Best</i>

It may be said at once that never before in the United States, has such an organist been heard. Power, grace, vigor, gentleness, a boundless versatility, and an indescribable something which can be felt, not described, are some of his characteristics.

His funeral march was the saddest, most heart-rending elegy one could hear, either in verse or music. At times, like a revived hope, it would swell into dimensions almost cathedral, then, tearfully and resigned, it would speak as many dear ones have when on the brink of the grave. Later, like a last sigh, as the spirit about to leave the body, the strange and weird music seemed to palpitate as a human heart, and finally expire in a dying breath.

—inaudibly. The last moment between life and death is not revealed to man. So passed the final chord in this sublime composition, a diminuendo tender, soft, a tear glistening in an imploring eye, then—death.

The improvisation on the theme given was a revelation. The power to treat, extempore; in this emotional and yet scientific manner, is astounding. With dainty counterpoint, startling harmonies, refined coloring, exquisite phrasing, and a world of variety in accents, rhythms and phrases, a fragment of melody—a mere commonplace, cold, and shallow proposition—was extended into a living poem, exhaling intense sympathy; overflowing with feeling, yet coherent. The musician, swayed

by the enthusiast, but always within the best canons of his complex art. A worthless thought turned into a divine thesis!

Guilmant has hopes in the American art-life of the future. He loves a republican government, though he admits that aristocracies foster the fine arts better. He wishes that the leisure class in this country may one day cease to accumulate wealth in order to devote itself to the study, production, and conservation of the best forms. He is not sure that Europe is inherently superior to America in art, considering the conditions. "From the days of Palestrina," said he to me, "see how many men of talent have been born and reared in the Old World, and note how few have left a name. With its oppor-

tunities, after all, Europe has not evolved so remarkable a number of great musicians."

Guilmant was a violinist when a boy. He played as far as the Viotti and Spohr concertos. Now he neglects this instrument entirely, but he is happy to have known it. "The knowledge of the violin," says he, "prepares one especially well as an organist, orchestral conductor, or writer." He believes in conservatory work, though he has not accepted a position in one, because he does not wish to be tied down. He has already enough to do. Guilmant's organ compositions are the most extensively sold in the United States, and yet, strange and ugly to admit, he has not received one penny from American

publisners. Now, however, thanks to the recent international copyright law, he may expect large returns from his future compositions.

He thinks the main fault of organists is a lack of rhythmical feeling. Their motion is too uncertain. He is fond of symmetry of proportions, and clearness of design and expression, either in time or tone. He believes the best musicians may be found to-day in Paris. Modern Italian organ playing, which has few representatives, he does not admire.

Alexandre Guilmant was born in Boulogne, France, in 1837. He began his musical studies under his father, who was also an organist. He studied harmony with Carulli. In 1871 he went to Paris—

the Mecca of geniuses—whence local names resound throughout the earth. Among his compositions are: “The Practical Organist,” his symphony for organ and orchestra, “Four Organ Sonatas,” “Belthazer,” a lyric scene, with solos, chorus and orchestra; “Christus Vincie,” a hymn for chorus and orchestra, harps and organs; also a number of motets, masses, and choruses.

Guilmant is a genius; this phrase embodies all. With seemingly superhuman technique through which his majestic soul radiates; with a glorious name as teacher, conductor, and composer, yet he is modest as a maid of sixteen.

CHAPTER XX

DANCLA'S RECOLLECTION OF PAGANINI*

I was thirteen when I heard Paganini. A strange, fantastical man, yet endowed with a prodigious power of execution. What clearness, what assurance, what sympathetic warmth in his tone!

It was especially in the performance of his own compositions that he was inimitable. The works of Viotti, of Rode, of Kreutzer, did not suit his nervous, feverish nature. For the interpretation of Viotti, which requires an extraordinary

* Translation from the French.

variety of accentuation, the flashing bow of Baillot was wanting.

However, one could not make any comparison between these two great artists. Certainly, Paganini could not have played as Baillot the sublime "Mozart Quartette in D Minor," or "Beethoven's Septette," but, on the other hand, Baillot would have been ill at ease in the diabolical technique of the music of Paganini. Not that Baillot was lacking in mechanism, but his temperament was leading him to avoid what he called the "great eccentricities."

I still see Paganini, so much did he impress me; his violin sings yet in my ears.

I must not omit to tell my readers that Baillot used to hide his face when hearing a violinist play a pizzicato with the left

hand, harmonics, or a passage in thrown staccato!

Paganini impressed me especially in the execution of his second concerto, "La Clochette," in which are double harmonics; in the first part of his first concerto, in which the third string is raised a half tone higher; in the "Prière de Moïse," played upon the fourth string raised to B flat, giving to the sonorousness a color sweet and penetrating; in the piece for violin alone, "*Nel con piu non mi sento*," in which the left hand plays a prominent part, pizzicato.

At that time my youthful imagination was so much impressed and exalted by that devilish, and yet suave, execution, that I could not sleep that night.

During the Paganini concerts the orchestra was placed upon the stage. When I heard the finale of "La Clochette," I was near the celebrated violinist. I could see Paganini distinctly.

What struck me from the start was the precision of the fingers of the left hand, which were falling upon the finger-board like a mighty claw. When playing octaves with the first and third fingers in order to make at once a succession of tenths high upon the neck of the violin, the fingers falling always vertically and perfectly placed, were never lifted except when absolutely necessary. The ensemble of the fingers, so indispensable to obtain a sure intonation, I have noticed, after Paganini, only in Vieuxtemps.

Some artists have said that Paganini was a luminous meteor, which should have left no traces behind. . . . I want to proclaim against an opinion so erroneous, I might even say, unjust, for to-day, as then, Paganini rendered an immense service to intelligent violinists who know how to be inspired through the novel effects which were peculiar to him.

In order that the mechanism be at the service of the intellect, finger gymnastics must be extended, and I believe that outside the works of Bach, of Tartini, of Locatelli, of Campagnoli, and of ancient and modern studies written for that purpose, it is important to study seriously the *études* of Paganini. They are a master-

piece, and a real monument to the school of violin playing.

I had also noticed in Paganini his large, dry hand of an astonishing elasticity; his fingers long and pointed, which enabled him to make enormous stretches, and double and triple extensions with extraordinary facility. The double and triple harmonics, the succession of harmonics in thirds and sixths, so difficult for small hands owing to the stretch they require, were to him but child's play.

When playing an accompaniment pizzicato with the left hand, while the melody was played by the hand of the bow, the fourth finger pinched the string with prodigious power, even when the other three fingers were placed.

Moreover, notwithstanding the abandon he was giving to the phrase, Paganini, while playing, kept a measure of perfect exactness.

CHAPTER XXI

ADVANTAGES OF THE METRONOME

There is nothing in which taste is more capricious than in the use of Italian words for time-marks. There ought not to be much divergence of opinion among musical authorities, yet a deep abyss often lies between the interpretations by great conductors of the *tempi* of a composition. Some composers write “Andantino” for “a little faster than Andante;” others use that word to mean exactly the opposite.

Men who, in other respects, possess extraordinary knowledge and accuracy fre-

quently show by their incorrect use of Italian words that they have no clear conception of their import. Mendelssohn, for example, has marked three numbers in "Elijah," "Andante," "Andante con moto," and "Andantino," yet his metronome indications for each of these different times according to the Italian language are the same, *i. e.*, quarter-note—76. When words, whatever be the language, are written without the addition of the mathematical and invariable metronome indications, the composer deserves to be misinterpreted.

Not only is the signification of words often equivocal or indistinct, but what makes traditional *tempi* certain to be uncertain is the fact that the constitutions

of interpreters vary. Words must ever convey a vague and shifting meaning depending absolutely upon the temperament and education of the reader. In time-measure, where mechanical precision is the sole means of insuring the transmission of exact traditions, the metronome becomes indispensable. There is, of course, some unreliability to all mechanical contrivances; therefore, buy a good metronome, though dear, for a bad one is worthless.

No two individuals can have a uniform idea of the number of pulsations to the minute simply by reading the word "allegro." One, a man with a phlegmatic nature understands this word to mean 100 pulsations; another, whose aptitude of mind and body is mercurial, might give it 180.

The use of other than Italian words with musical notation should be deprecated. I fail to see the advantage to composer, publisher, or interpreter when French, German, or English is used except when equivalent terms can not be found in Italian. It is hard enough for the average musician, and still more so for amateurs (and they outnumber the former) to understand the Italian musical terms. The presumption that a singer or player is a polyglot too, is unwarranted. The actual fact is that editions with German words are not bought by musicians of another nation if an edition equally good can be had with Italian text. The same applies to all other languages.

Composers, Italians not excepted, fre-

quently make a nonsensical use of Italian words for time-marks, and they occasionally omit the metronome indications. All ambiguous signs should be discarded as worse than useless, and the metronome-mark—true guardian of tempo traditions—ought to be inscribed.

CHAPTER XXII

USE AND ABUSE OF THE PIANOFORTE

The pianoforte is a dry and inexpressive instrument, if we only listen to the average player, but, as under the touch of a fine pianist, it becomes a soul-breathing thing, capable of creating the noblest emotions within the breasts of appreciative auditors, one can not speak disparagingly of this fascinating product of human art; it were more reasonable to express antipathy toward that vast army of pianomaniacs who infest the earth. This same instrument, which, under the fingers of an artist, can arouse our deepest and best feelings,

becomes the means of their acrobatic thumps. Who, then, should be condemned? The torturer, or the victim that piteously howls under his blows?

Notwithstanding its admitted coldness when compared with bowed instruments, the pianoforte is entitled to a high place among musical instruments, on account of its mechanism, which permits the simultaneous reproduction of harmony, counterpoint, melody, and a variety of tone-colors.

On what instrument can the principal works of Schumann, Chopin, or Liszt be played in their completeness? Even the orchestral scores of these masters may be interpreted upon a pianoforte with sufficient fidelity to give the listener a clear view of them.

What more delightful companion, too, than the pianoforte? If you wish to sing, what can better accompany your voice? With its aid you can play to your friends the reminiscence of last evening's opera that now flashes across your memory, whether it be a bit of melody or a grand chorus. At all times it is ready to lend its strings to the effusions of music-lovers.

To appreciate the influence of the pianoforte in musical art we should but look at its repertory. Had it not echoed the inspirations of Beethoven, what vacuum there would be in our musical life! Think of that master of masters conceiving his "Sonata appassionata" upon a harp, or of Chopin improvising his immortal noc-

turns over the organ, and your idea will immediately appear preposterous.

Great difficulties are surmounted by pianists, and the most intricate and rapid passages are played by them. How few, however, among these pyrotechnical professors can perform a single melody in the true cantabile style! Their chief obstacle seems to be the acquirement of a sympathetic touch, without which, the rendering of the most difficult concerto is not worthy of greater consideration than are the efforts of a clever gymnast.

CHAPTER XXIII

MUSIC AS A BREAD WINNER FOR GIRLS

In the musical profession woman stands on a par with man. She is never underpaid simply because she is a woman, for the fact that she wears petticoats does not make her work less good than a man's. Can this be said of the woman who earns a precarious living as bookkeeper, stenographer, or clerk? In the course of her musical career she does not need to part with any of her womanly attributes. Is it the case with women who are, or essay to be, jurists or physicians?

The income of the girl who can teach

the piano and, perhaps, the violin or singing, will always be greater than that of her less fortunate sister in the factory or counting-room.

The theme does not permit me to expatiate on the refining influences of music, but I can not refrain from saying that a musical education has a value that can not be expressed by monetary equivalents. A worthy girl who has acquired moderate skill in music will elevate her surroundings. Her edifying influence will be felt, whether she live in the hamlet or the metropolis. But my admiration of the power for good that honest musicians can wield is causing me to digress.

The question is: Where is a girl to be repaid for the time and money spent in

the study of music? The answer: In many opera and concert companies she can fill an honorable and lucrative post. In hundreds of seminaries and common schools she can earn a good salary. From any church she may derive an income as organist or singer, which she can add to that from her private pupils. In short, ambitious girls who have received a good musical training, together with a substantial general education, are always in demand. Thus, the young woman who studies only with the view of adding to her accomplishments, acquires a means of livelihood which she may find extremely useful should capricious fortune some day force her to earn her bread. It is not out of place to say here that many parents

employ a woman music teacher to instruct their daughters, for reasons which need not be given.

Not the least important among the pecuniary advantages that a girl may derive from a musical education are: first, she will be in a better position from which to marry advantageously; second, she may be able to give her children a correct preliminary musical education.

What woman can achieve as composer or conductor still remains to be ascertained. In this free land, however, where, without overstepping the boundaries of decorum, woman is pitted daily against man in industrial and intellectual contests, girls may yet win many laurels as conductors. And is it illogical to infer that

the sex which has produced a George Eliot and a Rosa Bonheur might one day give mankind another Grieg?

In the United States the musical profession seems, at times, to be the exclusive domain of woman. In our practical country, a father fearing to thwart his boy's chances of becoming a president or a millionaire seldom makes an artist of him. Owing to this, notwithstanding the influx of Europeans, the demand for musicians is greater than the supply. Colleges and schools frequently apply to directors of conservatories and to other well-known instructors for competent women music teachers; the music committee of every church wants to find better singers and better organists; and every

operatic manager searches for good voices and good musicians. From these and other reasons it can be inferred that parents of musically-inclined girls may not invest money much more profitably than in the musical education of their daughters.

CHAPTER XXIV

WHY GIRLS SHOULD PLAY THE VIOLIN

The resonant organs called bowed instruments are the soul of instrumental music. With their rich and penetrating tone-color; with their refined pathos; with their tone capable of yielding to all the shades of dynamics, and of being sustained indefinitely with their numberless bow-strokes, *pizzicati*, harmonics, and other effects, inaccessible to other instruments, there can be no doubt that bowed instruments are indisputably superior to all others. Whether in solo, with human voices, or in grand

orchestral symphony, they may become the most soulful interpreters of human feeling.

Notwithstanding these possibilities most young women prefer to play the piano-forte. Oh! that more of them might see the desirability of playing some instrument other than their irrepressible piano-forte, were it only for the sake of novelty! The young woman who can not wade through at least two-thirds of a Beethoven sonata is indeed rare. Equally exceptional would be the man who would not admit that he has often been bored by the universal accomplishment of piano playing. The soothing effect upon the ear produced by even a mediocre violinist after the gyrations of three or four Liszts in

petticoats, is sufficient reason why more girls should play the violin.

In musical culture the study of the violin is of prime importance. Careful practice upon a bowed instrument refines the ear and trains that organ to a nice perception of tone and intonation. A violin can always be tuned perfectly, and at a moment's notice; this can not be said of the piano. The violin may be carried by the player anywhere, thereby saving him the inconvenience of performing upon an unfamiliar instrument. A good violin can be bought for less than a bad piano usually costs. A violinist of moderate attainments may touch the hearts of his listeners, while it requires an artist to produce a similar impression with the cold and un-

grateful pianoforte. The violin lends itself more easily to the production of pathetic effects.

Nowadays, punctilious mothers should dismiss doubts as to the propriety of their daughters playing the violin, for that instrument is popular among all classes of women.

CHAPTER XXV

VIOLIN PLAYING*

The study of the violin should be begun only with a good teacher who plays well. A gifted pupil too often fails through the neglect or ignorance of his first teacher. A careless instructor is as bad as an ignorant one, and the latter, however careful he be, is worse than none. If particular care be not given from the beginning to the establishment of the correct principles of position; if any of the inflexible laws of

* Address delivered before the New York State Music Teachers' Association.

good playing are overlooked at the start, the student acquires defects that may not greatly affect his execution of easy bowings and fingerings, but, a little later, these bad habits will probably arrest the development of his technique. A wrong position of finger, hand, or arm, which at first seems unimportant, proves afterwards to be an insurmountable obstacle.

The slightest unnatural or unnecessary contraction of a muscle makes one's playing more difficult, and some passages that would have been easy after correct practice, become very difficult, if not, indeed, impossible. After five or six years of study the false position is so deeply imbedded that care and aptitude become of small avail; the hands and arms have grown,

so to speak, into the defective mould; it is then too late.

We shall suppose that an intelligent and diligent pupil, endowed with a musical nature, begins to study the violin between the years of six and ten. But for the one lack of a good teacher all is in his favor. This unfortunate child spends his time and his parents' money. After years of practice, it is found that, owing to the slovenliness or stupidity of the teacher, this pupil can only hope to attain mediocrity. Is it not dishonest to take a student's money and time to produce this result? Such a teacher ought to be made amenable to law, unless he be an idiot. He surely has not the moral right to continue his injurious work; he should have no legal right to

do so. The fiddler who imagines himself to be a violin teacher may be pitied; the careless instructor should be condemned.

The name of violin teacher, would seem to imply violinist and teacher, and yet the cases are rare where the appellation is applied with this full signification. Among one hundred alleged violin teachers, there may not be more than one who plays and teaches equally well. There are few among our good violinists who can be called teachers.

Fiddlers should be out of the question here, but, as they are not out of the educational field, for, on the contrary, they teach most beginners, they may be noticed. It is a lamentable fact that fiddlers, like other ignorant beings, do not know that

they do not know, and, what is worse yet, the public fosters their ignorance. Our audiences have not sufficient powers of discrimination in art matters, though each auditor thinks himself a music critic. To-day, one who plays in tune and who moves his fingers and a bow rapidly, may smuggle his noisy antics under the label, violin playing; especially successful will he be if, in addition to visible dexterity, he combines bad manners with the custom of wearing slovenly clothing and long hair.

When the pupil is able to participate in concerted music, without detriment to his position, bowing, fingering, etc., he should do so. It is one of the best means to develop an artist. Through the study of the classics and of good modern models while

playing with others, the student acquaints himself with the treasures of musical art. His ear is thereby accustomed to follow the different parts simultaneously, one of the essential requirements of a conductor. By the careful reading of trios and quartettes the various schools can be compared and understood. This practice quickens the eye, sharpens the musical perception, elevates the taste and, while developing the sense of rhythm, expression and harmony, it gives experience in the intricacies of instrumental technique. Moreover, it leaves a seed that may develop in the luxuriant garden of composition. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of that study.

Music reading should form a distinct

study. The practice of sight-singing will enable the violinist to read, and even to transpose, at sight. It will also prepare him to anticipate the exact pitch of the note he is about to play. This exercise will equip him for a more successful career as teacher, singer, conductor, or composer, should his gifts and ambition lead him to these other directions.

It would benefit violinists to study more frequently the works of Viotti, who discovered the true principles of violin playing. Though Viotti did not equal that wizard Paganini, in his diabolical skill, in his miraculous harmonics and dazzling effects, he has left us the influence of a nobility of style and beauty of tone, united to a verve and facility of execution unknown

before him. Aside from having written the best classics for the violin, he formed many of the leading instructors of his time, who, in their turn, have taught, perhaps our foremost contemporaneous violinists. Refinement of sentiment, grandeur of style, charm of melody, and sublimity of inspiration characterize the instrumental works of Viotti—the Homer of the violin!

Violin players should cultivate, above all else, a fine quality of tone. Regarding this I have spoken with some of the world's celebrated violinists: Sivori, Vieuxtemps, Dancla, Millont, Sarasate, and Ysaye. They agree that a beautiful tone is the most desirable attainment.

Unless they wish to imitate hungry

calves or amorous cats, violinists should neither use the *vibrato* nor the *strisciato* (the most generally abused effects) without artistic reason.

Almost everything suggested in relation to violin playing applies with equal force to all bowed instruments.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE PECUNIARY VALUE OF VIOLINS

The exaggerated pecuniary value of violins is not a new theme, but I may be permitted to say a few words upon it because erroneous notions concerning these instruments are as popular to-day as foolish ideas about them have ever been. So many amateurs are deluded by fabulous stories of Stradivari violins being bought accidentally for twelve dollars or thereabouts, at pawnbrokers' shops, that it may not be inopportune to repeat it is difficult to buy a violin wisely, even at its market value. The buyer should mistrust his own

judgment no less than that of the dealer, granting the latter is an honest merchant.

Nearly every man who owns a violin thinks he owns a particularly fine old one; in most cases, of course, it is also a Cremona. Let a skeptic dare express doubts, and the crushing proof will be pointed out at once in the form of a mouldy, half torn, and apparently old label, reading:

“STRADIVARIUS—FECIT CREMONA,

A. D. 1730.”

The great bulk of violins, violas, 'cellos and double basses which are used in this country are from Saxony, and most of the instruments that are not obtained from that source come from France. Only a few are from Italy. The cheapest vio-

lins imported vary from a selling price of about forty cents to a few dollars each, and there is a large demand for such goods. The purchaser of one of these frequently values it at twenty-five dollars, and would conscientiously ask you forty, should you wish to buy it. Give that worthless instrument a few years of rough handling, and, in the estimation of its owner, it may become "an old Italian violin."

A good violin is a rare thing either in America or in Europe, but the most uncommon of all things is the experienced buyer. Imitations of old models can deceive the practised eye, and a good violinist, notwithstanding his subtle ear, may mistake a weak tone for a sweet one. The

acoustic properties of the place in which a violin is tried, its mounting and stringing, the bad tone of other instruments with which it may be compared, and the manner it is played upon, are some of the many conditions which may lead the purchaser to make a bad investment.

CHAPTER XXVII

OUR VIOLINISTS

In our utilitarian country most fathers wish to make railway presidents, or the like, of their sons, unmindful of the fact that the average boy is better constituted for humbler offices. "Music is good enough for the girls, but I want to make a practical man of my son." This is the thought of ninety-nine in a hundred fathers. While there is here no time to criticise parents, there is no reason for not noting the lamentable state of our orchestras, due to the neglect of training boys in music.

The number of good native orchestral musicians is extremely small. In fact, there exists no American orchestra worthy of the name, the majority of whose members are not foreigners or alien citizens. What a confession from America, where some of the greatest results have been attained in political and physical science! Intellectually, this nation is the equal of the best, and yet here, as in a semi-barbarous land, the professional fiddlers outnumber the professional violinists.

The skill and individuality of many native violinists must be acknowledged with pride. But no one should blind himself to the fact that these artists are only a handful compared to the legions who scrape a living out of catgut under the Stars and Stripes.

The national vice of acknowledging no superiors, engendered by the visionary doctrine: "All men are equal," is another cause of our musical imperfection. Nobody in the United States wants to play second violin. In the helter-skelter chase after the almighty dollar, "Vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself," and the second violinist insists on being first. No sooner is he promoted than he seeks a leadership; and it is but too true that he easily finds a small body of players in need of a conductor—the blind leading the blind! Then begins, indeed, the struggle for existence, ending with the survival of the noisiest, for most of our small orchestras produce a volume of sound in inverse ratio to their size.

Among the many reasons for the scarcity of good native violinists is the indifference of American men to the fine arts—natural result of a spirit of utilitarianism which should be swept as a cobweb of log cabin days from the threshold of the twentieth century.

CHAPTER XXVIII]

OUR SONGS

The American popular song is rarely worth the paper upon which it is printed. Who would compare it with even the coarsest German *lieder*, French *chansons*, or Italian *canzonette*?

The American popular air, whose success the hand organ echoes, is first heard upon the minstrel or variety stage. The esteem in which it is held by the public proves that the theatre is not always a public educator, since, through its agency, such bad music is popularized.

A well written song of some originality

is neither easily learned nor remembered ; its very individuality is detrimental to its popularity. Many persons are so fond of listening to something similar to what they have already heard, that a commonplace musical phrase, the fac-simile of the one stored in some niche of their memory, is the most gratifying. Have we not often observed the complacency with which we heard a speaker express our own tacit opinion? Well, the same delightful relation exists between bad music and vulgar listeners. Far from me to censure the uneducated for the pleasurable sensations they receive from puerile, hackneyed, and even coarse music. However, one can not help deploring the vulgarity of the musical taste of our public.

Our popular song is usually originated by a fellow who can not read music. He whistles, or plays with one finger on the piano, his trite and incoherent tune to an impecunious musician who, for a small sum of money, jots it down, adds to it or subtracts from it, underscores harmony and accompaniment, and finally writes the parts for the orchestra. Then, the originator affixes his name to the frontispiece.

In many cases this "composer" is a minstrel performer who, therefore, has opportunities of airing his inspiration. Thus an effective, though unsavory, tune is immediately applied to the ear of the public. The vulgar sentiments, the clumsy verse, and the unmusical phrase at once imprint themselves upon the bootblack's

ear, heart, and mind. From the bootblack to the hand organ there is but a step, and the success of the song is assured.

It is consoling to note that our popular song is short lived, while good songs, Schumann's, Tschaikowsky's, remain in steady demand year after year. But, though performed often, these good songs can not be strictly called popular, for they are never whistled in our streets, never tooted by our rural brass bands, never heard at our popular theatres, or in the numberless cottages where the fly-specked motto languidly listens to the drawling tones of the reed organ.

Who is responsible for the popularity of our vulgar songs? In some measure the publisher. But can he be blamed? Being

a business man, he naturally regards the increase of his profits as of greater importance than the advancement of art. In relation to music, the legal maxim: "No man shall profit by his own wrong," is inapplicable. Does not the publisher of bad music profit? After all, no sane man of affairs will create an unprofitable supply of good goods. It is the privilege and duty of musicians themselves to create a popular demand for better publications and performances by fostering higher ideals through the education of the nation. The artistic demands of a people will never be greater than those which artists themselves have created. If they do not elevate the taste of the public, we must not expect publishers to do so; first, it is not within

the power of the publishers, and, second, they are not investing capital to commit commercial suicide for the good of the public.

Let artistic precepts and examples influence all strata of society, and the printers of good music will not lag behind the other producers who eagerly supply the demands of all our markets. In the meanwhile, our songs remain inferior to those of other civilized countries.

CHAPTER XXIX

OUR LYRIC STAGE

It would be easy to write encomiums of our country, for its material development has been wonderful. What could be written, however, of our lyric and dramatic theatres, of our musicians and playwrights? While in political and physical science the new world has surpassed the old, how little has been done for music and the drama—these sympathetic graces who weep with man when he is sad, and laugh with him when he is gay.

In the United States, the pleasures of the imagination have been neglected in

the attainment of practical results which, though admirable and indispensable, are insufficient. If no artistic influence touch the heart and mind of man he must live the life of an invertebrate, creeping along the barren heaths of reality. Without art and literature, life is only a commonplace road over which all things animate have an equal right of way. The most palpable proof of our æsthetic shortcomings is, perhaps, to be found in the theatre—an institution which, from time immemorial, has been conducted for the education of the people and which here, with but rare exceptions, panders to the vicious taste of the pit. Our nomadic *impresario* is not the man to offer himself in sacrifice for the good of the public.

He is only a speculator who deals in marketable goods, however inferior their quality. The law of self-preservation has taught him that he can not afford to be unlike his clients.

Neither grand opera nor the legitimate drama can have a permanent home in a purely commercial atmosphere. The plays of Shakespeare may have a successful run at times, but it is not owing to popular appreciation of his genius. Without the costumer and the scenic artist, the noble thoughts and melodious lines of Shakespeare would be echoed by empty benches. For our seasons of grand opera, though only spasmodic, we must thank a handful of enterprising citizens; the bulk of theatre goers do not care enough for high

class performances to support them. Our people do not want their taste cultivated. They are so fatigued during the day by their helter-skelter chase after money that, when evening comes, they select a burlesque rather than a tragedy, an operabouffe rather than a music-drama; in short, they want to laugh, however absurd be the cause of their laughter.

The occasional success of a high class production is often due to fashion rather than to good taste. The same public passes swiftly from the abstruse music-drama to the "knock down and drag out" comedy. A coarse burlesque and Wagner's "Parsifal" may, in alternation, delight the same public. A phenomenal stomach, but no gustatory nerves!

In an American comic opera, five chords must complete the harmony; the rhythm and the melody should be devoid of originality. The prima donna must wear short skirts, while female members of the chorus must be selected with regard to their forms rather than their voices. From time to time, let the tenor be struck on the head with a stuffed club. Have the funny man sing his irrepressible topical song—the inanity of which might occasion a smile did it not suggest the sad efforts of a brain in the last stages of paresis. Do not forget the “Grand March.” I would offer the foregoing suggestions to the aspirant after fame in the comic opera field, with faith in his ultimate success if he act upon them. Our public is the easiest to please.

Although a growth of art is emerging from beneath the utilitarianism of America, the conditions are not favorable to its rapid development in a theatrical direction, owing to the instability of our theatrical institutions. While it were puerile to expect a subsidy from the state or the nation, it may not be out of place to remind the generous citizens who build churches, hospitals, and colleges, that they can further benefit their country by maintaining first class lyric theatres

CHAPTER XXX

OUR COMPOSERS

Many among us believe that we have reached a satisfactory state of musical development. Such patriotic self-sufficiency, though natural and pardonable, only proves the narrowness of our artistic experience and the smallness of our world of music—a point of view from which one becomes easily convinced of one's own importance. Volume after volume could be written about our musical shortcomings, but the purpose here is to speak particularly of the lack of national character in our music, with the conviction that the

true purpose of the critic is to indicate defects and their remedies rather than to flatter. The knowledge of their artistic inferiority may awaken ambition in our people. If, musically speaking, we are a semi-barbarous nation, let us learn the fact and confound these misinformed or, rather, uninformed penny-a-liners, who thrive solely by their blandiloquence.

American musical composition presents one of the strongest anomalies to be found in the annals of art—the empty and the overflow. From our Bowery ditties to our Bach-Wagner imitations, we sing the whole gamut of musical forms, but we have no distinctive school of composition. Ours is, preeminently, an imitative style, a cringing copy of European models. It

resembles a crazy quilt; its mongrel character, though often mistaken for originality, is its very antithesis.

In nearly every European country, the power of artistic invention is expressed in individual and unmistakable signs, and particularly does music manifest itself through a clearly defined school of composition. Who but the merest tyro can not distinguish the effervescent Italian, from the solid German music? Where is the connoisseur, however, who can point out characteristics one-tenth part so distinct in American music?

We have two kinds of composers. One, knows nothing of the simplest rules of composition; the other, pompously displays its knowledge and makes it its sole end,

forgetting that, in music, soul is more important than science. Inspiration is rarer than rules; wisdom scarcer than learning.

The strongest point, the ultimate perfection of art—the art of hiding art,—seems to be the very thing excellent American musicians can not acquire. Our music, too, lacks in poetic and emotional elements. To hear the empty noise of our bad composers and the mathematical operations of most of our good ones, we might almost infer that musical organisms can be found only in Europe. While trying to avoid the puerility of many Italians, some of our musicians become ridiculously abstruse. To justify himself for using odd effects, the composer should

have good taste and sound judgment for his reasons. Without these his work will be justly regarded as the fruit of a diseased imagination.

Our music will not assume a national character so long as our children are educated exclusively by foreigners. When competent American music teachers will be the rule, not the exception, we shall be in a fair way to write distinctive music. For the present, however, we are in dire need of European instructors. Unprepared as we are for emancipation from foreign artistic influences, our best course is to study carefully, and learn to appreciate all schools; this is the first thing to do before hoping to create a school of our own. It is true that, already many of our

musicians are men of profound knowledge. For these pioneers I have the sincerest admiration. They are sowing the seeds of a great school! How soon a purely American beacon of art shall be raised above the dismal shoals of materialism, so numerous in this practical country, I do not know, although I hope that the next generation may give America, at least, one great native composer. Untrammelled by European forms and prejudices, and discarding Greek fables and Biblical legends, our musical Messiah will sing nobler songs on themes suggested by his own free and beautiful land, than were ever dreamed of by the children of an effete civilization.

As a people, it is artistically only that we are inferior, and to our future musi-

cian is left the glorious task of placing the topmost finial on the sublime edifice of his country's achievements.

CHAPTER XXXI

OUR CONSERVATORIES *

Conservatories were designed primarily to conserve musical art. They were originated by the church in order to improve its music while retaining its traditions. The first conservatory was that of Santa Maria Loreto, of Naples, founded in 1537. Among the renowned schools of music in existence may be mentioned the Conservatory of Paris, founded in 1784, and the conservatories of Vienna, Leipsic,

* Address delivered before the officers of the New York State Music Teachers' Association.

and Brussels, established at a later date. These institutions are maintained by the government. Students are admitted after a competitive examination, provided they exhibit some aptitude. The principal objects of these schools are the preservation of the conventional forms and the diffusion of musical education, with the ultimate view of adding to the glory of the nation. Their method of training is rigid, and with a single purpose: thoroughness.

In the United States we also have institutions called conservatories. Few of these are entitled to this high-sounding name. Two or three of them, however, are conducted as nearly after the system of the best European models as the lack of subsidy permits. Through increased salaries,

they are able to employ prominent teachers from European schools.

The well-known fact that Europe has educated all our good musicians, native or alien, proves beyond question the superiority of its system of education. A reason frequently given for the lack of musical culture in America is that Americans possess less musical genius than Europeans. Were it not more logical to censure the methods used here? With the same thorough training, Americans may equal Europeans in music as they have done in other fields. Girls and boys that have a good ear, heart, and mind abound around us, and they also have artistic temperaments. The main reason for their seeming inferiority is that they have been denied

the advantages which others have enjoyed for centuries. Why should a country so fruitful in almost all other desirable ways be so deficient musically?

No one caring for the moral and intellectual improvement of mankind can overlook the civilizing influence of musical culture; yet, while we ought to do much for musical education, we have done but little. It is true we spend annually vast sums of money in the importation of musical artists, but it is mainly on account of the momentary pleasure they give us, and not for the paramount good they might do as educators. We build costly music halls and pay exorbitant prices to hear a virtuoso, but we would not vote again for the legislator who would dare ask state or

national aid for music schools. In the meanwhile, our children must depend for their musical education almost exclusively upon self-appointed "professors." Now, although we can have the self-made business man, we must not expect the phenomenon of the self-made musician. The art of music can neither be acquired intuitively nor by haphazard experience. Besides aptitude and study, good teachers with a sound educational system are needed to develop artists. If this be true, no other agency can disseminate musical knowledge more thoroughly and widely than the well organized conservatory. For these reasons I believe that such an institution is entitled to the support of our best citizens.

Through lack of endowment or of governmental subsidy, even the best American music schools can not give free training to all the poor, though gifted, pupils who apply; but, with the class system, so successful in Europe and already here, the expenses for a thorough education in the necessary branches of the art have been considerably decreased. In fact, in the class, able professors can give instruction at prices lower than incapable instructors can afford to charge for worthless private lessons. There, students are able to discern mistakes made by others, which, if made by themselves, they might not see. The ambition to equal or to surpass others, spurs the student to greater effort. In the privacy of the teacher's studio, the pupil

now and then displays apathy and slovenliness; before hypercritical classmates, he rarely does. The derision of an equal wounds more than the censure of a superior. Private instruction is one-sided. Contact with many minds is broadening. In the class the student hears, feels, sees, understands, and memorizes much that the teacher approves in others. Hearing many works differently interpreted, he acquaints himself with a large repertory, and he unconsciously becomes a critic. In a good school the individuality of the pupil need not be lost, as some persons would have us believe. With a good system, the Pestalozzian principles can be applied anywhere. The value of the class system has been determined by experience

long ago, and it has been recommended by Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, Liszt, Von Bülow, Rubinstein, Joachim, and many other distinguished instructors of music.

In the science and art of music the mastery of one single branch does not suffice. Not only should the musician play or sing correctly, but he ought to understand that which he does. He must not be a parrot, yet, thanks to much of the private instruction given in this country, most singers and players babble the letter while ignoring the spirit. The skilful hand should be wedded to the cultured mind. A specialist, however brilliant, is not of much value as an educator unless his pupils can get from other men the remainder of the knowledge necessary to complete their

musical education. One man, however wise, can not give the student the full technical and theoretical training he needs. The best piano teacher can not take the place of the conservatory faculty. It would not be necessary to reiterate this self-evident proposition, were there not persons so absurd or designing as to deny its truth. It is alone the conservatory that can give the student his full equipment as a musician.

How can the pupil find a good instructor among the many self-styled masters? How can he measure the alleged superiority of a teacher, though he be high-priced and renowned? The best advertised man is often regarded as the ablest. Self-sufficiency, which thinking men regard as a

sign of ignorance, blinds the public, and judicious advertising often becomes the leading factor in the good reputation of a bad instructor. It is possible, of course—that a talented musician may have established a good name more by diplomacy than by his artistic merit, and it can not be denied that it is a desirable thing to have the talent of making one's talent known. Whatever be the case, the student will find it almost impossible to judge rightly of the ability of a teacher, however celebrated and expensive; on the other hand, he may feel quite at ease as to the value of professors in a good conservatory. The directors of a music school are entitled, at least, to the presumption that they know who are efficient

teachers, and that they will select only such, if for no higher consideration than that good goods bring good prices.

How can a pupil outside of a conservatory receive the same quality and quantity of tuition for the same amount of money? Can the private teacher give training in solfeggio, harmony, theory, history, *ensemble*, counterpoint, orchestration, etc., in addition to piano and violin, or vocal and organ instruction? The foregoing theoretical branches are occasionally taught gratis in good American conservatories to the student who enters the vocal or instrumental classes. In addition, he has the opportunity of familiarizing himself with audiences. How often has the work of a talented man been marred by

nervousness! The concerts that are also given free to the students enable them to acquire a taste for the best class of music, and to develop their critical faculties. Of course, pupils do not become judges of music simply by listening; thorough study alone can give the scales in which to weigh art-products. But, by hearing good music frequently, their enjoyment of the better art-forms is intensified and their enthusiasm in their chosen profession kept alive—a most powerful incentive to study.

Through the establishment of conservatories in America some artistic natures have found means for the development of their faculties—opportunities that would have been denied them without those insti-

tutions. We ought to have a free conservatory in each of our great cities.

One might go on forever to show the advantages of even a self-supporting conservatory, but perhaps enough has been said to demonstrate that it is safer to intrust the musical education of our children to the care of such institutions rather than to that of the private teacher, even supposing that he be competent. May the conservatory soon have an equal place beside the museum and the university which the genius of patriotism founds for the progress of our nation through the sciences and the arts.

CHAPTER XXXII

OUR MUSICAL CULTURE

We are below Europeans in musical culture and taste. The hackneyed argument offered in justification of our bad music is that in a new country necessities must first be provided for. This nation, however, has reached an epoch of civilization when such an excuse must appear as unpatriotic as it is ill-timed. Looking about at the many expressions of the beautiful, we see the great effort that is being made towards a higher state of existence. American architecture, literature, and ethics, in short, everything but American music,

compares favorably with good European products. The superiority of Americans in many fields is acknowledged. The reason why we do not equal Europeans musically can not be attributed to a scarcity of intelligent students. Will anyone maintain that our geographical position precludes the existence of a sound musical organism? Musical genius may be found here as elsewhere. Why, then, have we so many howlers, fiddlers, and piano thumpers, and why have we not yet reared one great musician?

The importance of contact with the best models as a means of artistic education is incontestable. What is offered to the American student? Outside of New York and a few other cities to hear good music

is the exception. Theatres, there and elsewhere, save in rare instances, support a small body of mediocre musicians, styling themselves "the orchestra." To such fitting accompaniment, the good natured public hears very light operas sung by itinerant companies, headed by a consumptive tenor or a self-trained prima donna. The majority are pleased with these monstrosities, and the manager, more artful than artistic, informs the complaining critic that he is obliged to "yield to the desire of the fierce democracy." He, of course, would rather outrage his conscience than decrease his bank account.

The greater number of our military bands are so small and play so badly as to suggest the noise-makers that usually accompany the cross-road circus.

Even in the church, where the student might be supposed to find a refuge from contaminating musical influences, he is often confronted by unripe organists who transport their auditors heavenwards upon operatic airs played with the tremolo stop, or who, unacquainted with the simplest laws of counterpoint and harmony, swing themselves into rhapsodical improvisations with all the ease and presumption which ignorance alone could render possible.

This is some of the miasma our unformed Beethovens are inhaling! Can æsthetic fruit grow in such an atmosphere?

Worse in their effects than the examples just cited are the modes of teaching. A short cut to knowledge is so gratifying

that many teachers allow their pupils to go "across lots." Then, leniency is practised where severity alone could do good; in fine, the pupil is often flattered rather than instructed.

Being in the overwhelming majority, the children of the poor should achieve the greatest results in the arts and sciences; but this hypothesis does not hold true in this country as regards music, because proper tuition can not be secured gratuitously.

The government does not maintain free conservatories, thereby enabling the gifted offspring of the poor to develop their faculties. There are no subsidized music schools where only pupils evincing aptness are admitted, thus saving much

time and vexation to the incapable; where rigid examinations are periodically made, and students discharged for having failed to make the required progress; and where the method of training can not be affected by mercenary motives.

To raise this nation musically to the standard of those of Europe, this government, following their example, ought to subsidize and direct some opera houses and schools of music. It is not to be doubted, however, that vote-seekers—pardon me—legislators, will disdainfully smile upon this suggestion. The wildest dreamer in America could not conceive of that politician so rash as to urge the voting away of public funds for music.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A PLAN TO SECURE STATE AID FOR MUSIC*

It may not be inopportune to begin by saying that in the United States, so far, no success has been attained by the advocates of state or national aid for music.

The state government is closer to the people than the national government. It is immediately of the people and for the people, therefore music should apply for support to the state rather than to the nation. I shall not repeat the opinions of eminent philosophers and law-makers

*Address delivered before the World's Fair Musical Congress, while Chairman Executive Committee, Music Teachers' National Association,

favoring legislative support of art; so much has been said about the benefits accruing to the individual and to the state, from the establishment of conservatories of music, that arguments in favor of state aid for these institutions are threadbare. Even additional reasons why the state should foster the love of music, disseminate its art and science, and retain its traditions, would be out of place here, my object being merely to formulate a plan of action to secure state aid for conservatories, the feeders and preservers of the music of a nation.

Wishing to find data relating to this question in this country, I wrote to several statesmen, conservatory directors, and librarians. C. A. Collin, professor of

law at Cornell University, and commissioner of statutory revision for the State of New York, answered: "Senator D. B. Hill has referred to me yours to him of April 8th, asking where you can find data for a paper you propose to write on State Aid for Music. I am afraid that your subject is akin to the topic of the snakes in Ireland. I do not know of any provisions for state aid for music in this state or elsewhere."

By the word "elsewhere," I suppose Prof. Collin meant other states in this country, for to cite only one of the many "provisions" made elsewhere it might be stated that, in 1793, a decree of the convention in Paris provided for the support of a National Institute of Music, consisting of

115 artists and 600 students, for the purpose of celebrating musically the national festivals.

The librarian of Congress wrote: "I find that the books on music do not contain discussions of government aid. I have also examined all the indexes to periodicals, under several titles which seemed to promise something, but the articles are absolutely fruitless." Similar answers from other sources of the same high character left me to grope alone in almost total darkness; these communications prove that in the United States there is a dearth of political literature in relation to music. Even in our musical press, where this art is treated intelligently in nearly all its phases, it is seldom viewed in its legislative or economic aspects.

The director of the largest conservatory in America, whose institution in 1889 fruitlessly asked for state aid, wrote me recently: "It is my opinion that while state aid for musical institutions would be a very desirable and appropriate thing, the present conditions prevailing in our legislatures, in this and other states of this country, are too unfavorable for any prospect of success."

But one might ask: Is it not possible to change these conditions? The millions of people who love music can alter this status quo by forcibly reminding legislatures that not to rule, so much as to serve their country, is the true end of government.

Wise and concerted action would bring

success. First of all it should be borne in mind that in our legislative halls wire-pulling is more effective than logic and eloquence. Self, the mainspring of action in our sovereign ward politician, has heretofore been left untouched by the musician, and music has not had state aid principally because musicians have not stooped low enough to get it.

No one will deny that our federal, state, and municipal governments are often in the hands of men who hold their offices in trust for corporations, and who regard public affairs not from the standpoint of the general public, but from that of the private enterprises who employ them. Measures purely for the public good, seldom arrest the attention of those they

should concern most. Our spoils system sends its poison into the remotest arteries of our political body, and becomes the prolific parent of bribery. This we all know and therefore, instead of declaiming in vain against these ugly conditions, musicians in America should adapt themselves to their environment. They should do as corporations often do, that is, send lobbyists to bargain with legislators. The end would excuse the means in so good a cause, and since the existing circumstances compel the adoption of such a policy, these music lobbyists might use the unsavory tactics of the men who, in the employ of corporations, grow fat from the festering mass of our corrupt political system.

The majority of voters are poor men,

and they are the ones who would benefit most, should the state supply musical training to all, and the highest artistic education to the especially gifted few. Let the musician stir the working classes—these incalculable forces whose ominous power, the sagacious ruler no longer disdains. Let him tell the laborer what the duty of the state is towards his children, and cause him to clamor for what belongs to them. How long would the legislator, who, first of all, is a politician, oppose his constituents? How long would he jeopardize his own selfish ends? he who, no sooner elected, so frequently hastens to “lay the pipes” for his re-election!

Public opinion, next to money, is the greatest political lever in this democratic

country. Those who want state aid for the national development of music should centralize their strength, and with this powerful agency fostered through the press, the pulpit, the school, they should bring their imposing columns to bear upon law-makers.

It is regrettable that doubtful agencies or intimidation should have to be made use of to influence good legislation, but is it not preferable to indicate a violent remedy rather than weep about a virulent disease?

To sum up, I would say to musicians and amateurs: In cities and villages, organize yourselves into clubs having for their object—"State Aid for Music;" enlist public sympathy, the people, in their turn, will influence their representatives; circulate

petitions and subscription lists; organize a lobbying force and send influential men to confer with governors and others in power; follow the usual methods of those who desire to pass bills through legislatures; in a word, act together, patiently, and in a practical manner. Upon practicalness, I would insist particularly, because musicians are prone to let the heart rule the head. No time should be wasted in the endeavor to prove to the political "boss" the benign influences of art, for even to many men of intellectual power the benefits of music may not be apparent, owing to their one-sided education. Blind statesmen and unskilful legislators have often regarded man, only as a user of material things—as an animal. They have

forgotten that he has æsthetic and moral, no less than physical senses, although the real science of guiding men should begin with the knowledge of his nature. Legislators have frequently overlooked the fact that man, like the nightingale, has in him the instinct of song; that the basis of human conduct is in the public and private customs and practices of man; and that the practice of the fine arts is essentially moral and useful.

If this be true of all the fine arts, with how much more force it is so of music! See what important part that art plays in our domestic and national affairs! How closely it commingles with the high and the low. Whether man be vulgar or refined, music reaches his finest sensibilities

in accordance with his own constitution, education, and surroundings. There has never been a people that has not loved this art. In the Fiji Islander or in the highest representative of modern civilization, the love of it is innate. It is heard in the palace and in the almshouse, in the church, the prison, the home, the hospital, the street, the school; it acts as a therapeutic or a prophylactic agent for body and mind; it soothes and recreates flesh and spirit. Socrates, Plato, Rousseau, Talleyrand, Mirabeau, Darwin, Mill, Spencer,—these, and countless other great thinkers, tell us of its usefulness, its morality, its mollifying influences.

Since music has its uses, why not give it legislative support? Now, homeless,

without standards, traditions, or authorities our infantile musical art is at the mercy of publisher, instrument maker, *impresario*, journalist, and musician,—men who, to earn their bread, must often stoop before imperious and ugly popular demand, and therefore, degrade, instead of elevate their art.

Whatever be the opinion of our Solons as regards the value of music to the state, it is to be hoped they will not forget that law-makers and philosophers at all times, and in all other civilized countries, have considered music as of great national importance; that they have recognized its power of exalting noble and generous sentiments, of moderating violent and dangerous passions, and making man more virtuous and happy.

How sublime and fitting, if to-day, at this Exposition, we could show the Old World that material achievements are not the sole domain of our excellence,—if we could demonstrate that our bountiful soil, our seas of corn, our legions of cattle, our forests of factories, and our immeasurable plexus of railways have not blunted our æsthetic sense. How harmonious and grand would be this phase of our history, if, to cap the climax of the most wonderful physical and political development of any people, as witnessed in 1893, in these United States, strength, riches, and science were wedded to the highest æsthetic culture.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE DUTY OF THE STATE TOWARD MUSIC

Gymnastic as well as music should receive careful attention in childhood, and continue through life.—*Plato*.

The state should aid the fine arts because they are the highest expression of a national life. Unlike many other human pursuits, art can not reach its apogee without the help of legislation. It is alone the state that can preserve and develop the best art. The "let alone" policy of this government regarding æsthetics breeds low standards and makes merchants of artists. Without the highest supervision

and support, all arts tend to center into one—the art of making money.

It may be argued that private endowments will compensate for the lack of legislative aid. Unfortunately, indiscriminate charity is a crime often committed by donors. With bad methods and curricula, with insufficient restriction here and too much there, private bequests for educational purposes frequently become sources of harm. Little, however, need be said upon this point in relation to musical education, because, proportionately to our vast population, nothing worthy of mention has been bequeathed for music.

The discernment of the true ends of life does not increase with the accumulation

of riches. Art culture and taste is not bought. There is no royal road to art any more than to any other knowledge. The power for taking pains is the sole path—and a dolorous way it is—that leads to the sanctuary of the Muses. Having fought for years the stern battle of commercial life, our wealthy men become unable to appreciate the refinements of existence at the very time, too, when, with their wealth, they are best able to advance the cause of music. Their days have been so filled with business that they have rarely had time to contemplate the beautiful, either in art or in nature. Therefore, they can not sympathize with the lofty aspirations of art-lovers whom they regard as dreamers. O, that we might have fewer sport-

ing men and more dilettanti! If rich citizens would give for the development of American music but a small part of what they lavish upon colleges, hospitals, and churches, there would be fewer reasons for asking state subsidy.

When it is considered how large a number of these "philanthropists" are so for fame only, it astonishes one that some of them have not thought of music as a rich and unexploited mine for post mortem renown. So far, our wealthy classes have done next to nothing for the musical education of the poor. From the fact that there will be a smaller number of upstarts among our future millionaires, and that in consequence they will have had leisure hours for a higher culture during their

youth, it may be hoped that our next generation of aristocrats will do more for this art. Money, unless wisely used, is of little worth. The misuse of wealth may increase discontentment in proportion as riches increase. While in the United States, Herbert Spencer was struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burden that had to be borne. "If along with your material progress," says he, "there went equal progress of a higher kind, there would remain nothing to be desired." Yes, indeed, Americans hear too much of the gospel of work; it is high time to preach the gospel of rest.

The state exists for the benefit of the individual, and not the individual for the benefit of the state. Social relations grow

more complex as civilization advances, and from this it becomes necessary to depend upon national wisdom and power to secure order and efficiency. The ideal democracy gives freedom and equality, but that alone is not the chief good. Strength, stability, unity, education, and progress: in a word, general welfare should be the object of statesmanship. And are these ends to be attained merely through freedom and equality? Can peace, power, and happiness be had in the family by allowing full sway to the inclinations of children? States and families, men and boys, are quite alike, except as regards size. The purpose of the framers of our Constitution was to allow each one the unrestrained pursuit of happiness, and this ob-

ject can not be reached without order and education. Without these supports, civic liberty—the very key-stone of our country—must crumble away. The culture, then, not less than the obedience of the individual, is indispensable to preserve the liberty and to increase the welfare of the nation. Too much freedom in the state or in the family makes anarchy of liberty, and under such conditions national art becomes merchandise pure and simple.

“Does it pay?” is now the query of most of our artists. Mercenary thoughts warp their souls, and their mental and moral powers diminish because they prostitute their art. The bribe of wealth, the craving after the applause of the paying public, “of whom to be dispraised were no

small praise," retards their progress. They who should create wants of an exalted character, pander to the vicious taste of the pit, and sell their birthright for a mess of pottage; and while degrading themselves they get but small pay and no honor.

A people can have no higher art needs than those created by its artists. In art the supply creates the demand, rather than the reverse. The high price paid for good music limits its production, for the demand is often restricted by the very exorbitancy of the cost. This costliness hinders progress by putting a premium upon the money-making propensities of men whose motives should not be mercenary, if they are to create the best of

which their superior nature is capable. Moreover, the knowledge of the high fee paid occasionally to popular musicians, attracts men to music whose aim is solely commercial; men who would not have dreamed of devoting their life to this profession had they foreseen that they could earn at best only a comfortable livelihood. These petty rhymers of course do not feel deeply; they are only poetasters, and poor ones at that.

The genuine work of art is created only when the artist is inspired, and inspiration can not enter the meagre soul. The hope of being well paid has not brought forth one immortal work. Money did not give birth to the lovely creations of Mozart. It was not with sordid wings that

Wagner soared into regions undiscovered! On the contrary, by intuition and experience he knew full well that the true expression of his deep feelings might bring him enmity, unpopularity, oblivion, poverty. If in his latter days he enjoyed some bodily comforts it was rather as an accident of fortune—for the unwritten law is that prophets must be stoned, and that those who are in advance of their century must be ignored during their lifetime:

Es ist nun das Geschick der Grossen hier auf Erden,
Erst wann sie nicht mehr sind, von uns erkannt zu
werden.

His worldly success, then, was in spite of rather than as the consequence of his bold innovations. He did not bow to the vulgar. He wrote not to get rich, but because he coveted truth in art. Golden

bands did not gall the wings of his Pegasus, and he rose almost to infinite heights.

In this country the idea that time is money is so infectious that an American Wagner is hard to imagine. Were he to exist he would not even have genuine praise to sweeten the black bread he would be forced to eat in his garret. While Wagner found a warm admirer in the King of Bavaria, most of us would have no patience with a poet. We think ourselves too practical to cultivate the imagination, although —strange facts to reconcile—we owe the creation of our nation to one of the grandest of imaginings. Had not Columbus fancied the existence of a land beyond the western horizon who can tell what race might have peopled

these continents? Had a Mongolian first foreseen the boundless natural resources of the New World probably Caucasians would not rule the Americas. This momentous fact, the very birth of our country, ought to tell us forcibly that mind moves matter. For the sake of a higher civilization let our legislation encourage the imagination outside the domain of dollar-producing patents. An evil spirit now whispers to the idealists: "Put aside your noble sentiments; they make you seem ridiculous. Do not expect to compel success by a life-long devotion to an ideal," as Dante said at the entrance to the realm below: "Give up all hope: *Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate!*"

If it be true that the art of a nation is a

fair exponent of its ethical state, this country can not yet rank with the most highly civilized. Beyond material achievements, we have but little to claim in the spheres that have given glorious nations their renown. History does not prove the advantage of the policy of indifference to art and literature. The Roman rulers were wiser than ours. While life had its inconveniences, and equal rights were not granted to all, see what an array of great men were brought forth to embellish Roman existence and to sing the praise of Rome! These men were not the outcome of a civil liberty bordering on license; they were the carefully reared offspring of a paternal government. The American spirit rebels against the idea of paternal-

ism. But in reality, do we derive so much good from this vaunted freedom? In our political life it is often a mooted question whether it would not be preferable to be ruled by a wise and benevolent king than by our sovereign ward politician!

The inferiority of our fine arts and of our higher educational institutions is notorious. Our government has not the power to alter these conditions, and narrow-minded and selfish legislators do not care. They are usually too ignorant or apathetic in such matters. While we have some honest and high-minded statesmen, these are often so infatuated with the Jeffersonian principle of awarding expenditures that they would rather let the sick die than buy them medicine. Such

economic policy is decidedly unsound. Economy does not consist in not spending; it means to spend wisely.

Granting that civil government should attend especially to the practical and external interests of the people, it should not, on that account, omit to consider the moral nature of man; the ideal government will not forget the spiritual element in mankind. And between religion and art there are many analogies. Civilization implies not only a state of physical well-being, but also a state of superior intellectual and moral development, one that cultivates all the human faculties. It implies progress, improvement; and the fine arts, causes and effects of this advancement develop man's higher gifts and become

important factors in the melioration of his condition.

Man is a social animal. He can improve only in company. Left alone, unguided, his mind does not expand. Relations with his fellow men are essential to his mental and moral growth. As social relations are multiplied he is improved, and in proportion as his political and social institutions are improved, so becomes the man. Two distinct agencies, then, are necessary to civilization—the improvement of the social system and the expansion of the mind and faculties of the citizen. Social well-being alone does not suffice. The needful thing, after liberty and strength, is a state in which the highest culture may flourish. Without the fine arts and their

coincident elevating influence man would not have reached his present exalted position in the animal kingdom. Is it with his power of hoarding goods, as the rat? with his ability to shelter himself from the inclemencies of the weather, like the beaver? with his cunning selfishness, excelling the tiger's? or is it with his arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, and music, that man has raised himself next in dignity to angels?

Environment more than heredity shapes the musician. Musical knowledge and skill can be imparted only through good traditions, correct precepts, and lofty examples and ideals. To develop musical genius is needed all the training, stimulus, and culture his present day affords. Can-

nibals do not write string quartets, principally because they do not possess our means of musical expression; they know nothing of our system of notation, of harmony, of orchestration. Their musical experience is of the lowest order. It is not impossible that some mute, inglorious Beethoven may have been born in the wilds of Africa. Let the child of a savage be placed in the Paris Conservatory and there will be more likelihood of making a good musician of him than of the child born and bred in the average American city, though the latter be the son even of a music "professor." On the other hand, another Mozart, reared in a small New England town, will not compose symphonies. At best he will rise to the dizzy

height of the Sunday school hymn with its frightful harmonic progressions and commonplace melodic phrases. Enthusiastic evolutionists might say that the practice of parents will be inherited by their children. But this theory can not be demonstrated in the case of music, of all arts the most modern. It is only since a few centuries that our musical system has been used; it has little in common with that of the ancients. In that short period of time even sanguine Darwinians must admit that nothing of much importance could be transmitted to offspring. A special part of the ear, or what is of more moment, of the brain, could not be evolved in three or four centuries and be handed down in a percepti-

bly higher state. A musical atmosphere is of greater importance than blood for the unfolding of musical genius. In music very high results may be attained during the life of one savage, if he be endowed with capacity and be given the best education.

The knowledge of a people should be treasured by parents for their offspring, each generation adding all its arts and sciences to enrich its descendants. The man of to-day can not afford to forget the lesson of yesterday; he should not supersede it. He should progress from and with it. Were it not for the power of storing and giving knowledge to his children, man would soon relapse into barbarism. The great art development of

France, Italy, and Germany is due mainly to their systematic preservation and dissemination of the best forms and canons, through their subsidized opera houses and conservatories. Great epochs and nations have always produced great and characteristic expressions—arts peculiar to their own day and land. The achievements of Phidias in Greece, of Michael Angelo in Italy, of Bach in Germany, are eloquent records of the countries and centuries of these epoch-making men. The highest civilization can grow only upon soil made tillable by such wondrous pioneers. Were each epoch to begin anew, without the models, precepts, and wealth of the past, man would remain forever in a primitive condition. Therefore, to preserve, no less

than to produce, should be the aim of the state.

As regards music, we are to-day where Europe was in the eighteenth century. Of course the artists we import can not be considered here—they are not inherently ours. As a nation we have no school no tradition, no standard. Our art grows like our wild orange, and is as bitter and valueless. We have the soil and the seed for good fruit, but we allow it to degenerate. Our music is but a faint echo of that of Europe. It resembles it only as the phonograph does the human voice. Frauds can not be detected by our public, and standards in music should be established by the highest authorities. Unless we preserve the best art of to-day another

century will bring us no farther. By that time we may be emancipated from foreign labor but not from foreign æstheticism.

Through subsidized conservatories and lyric theatres the state should record the traditions and store away the achievements of each epoch. It ought to provide for progress, and trace from the experience of its time the course to be followed by future generations. With well-instituted schools, and their far-reaching influence, no more energy would be required to develop a good American musician, than is now wasted to produce a bad one, individual capacities being equal.

Rubinstein says: "The musical atmosphere of the school alone is of great advantage to a disciple of music; added to

this, there is the stimulation which belongs to all class instruction, and always acts as an incentive." He thinks that music schools do not always fulfill their task, principally, for the lack of sufficient money, when the school is not supported by the government. "If the school be a private undertaking," he writes, "the money question is apt to play such a weighty part that one can scarcely speak of the interests or demands of art."

However valid be these arguments against the private conservatories, they do not alter the fact that these institutions are preferable to the private instructor. But, while the self-supporting conservatory is the best thing so far devised in this country for musical training, it falls short

of the ideal institution supported by the state. An honest comparison of our best schools with those, for example, of Paris and Brussels, will demonstrate the inferiority of our systems through the unsatisfactory results attained with pupils in America. I say pupils in America, not American pupils. I wish to prove the deficiency of our educational means, not the inferiority of our individual gifts.

No one can doubt that the public would be better served by the state than by individual promoters, often too poor to carry out their lofty purposes—admitting there are some such Utopians. If private conservatories do good, and this nobody doubts, state conservatories would do more; constituted good, with careful super-

vision, is more effective than that instituted by private and individual enterprises. What would our postal service be in the hands even of enterprising business men? This is only one of the many examples of superiority of public over private administration. Then, the state institution insures perpetuity, and renders the greatest development possible. If it be objected that private enterprises will suffer by the existence of state institutions, it may be contended that the constitutional principle, "The greatest good to the greatest number," should be of primary consideration in this democratic land. The annexation of the music school to the state university might be proposed. To this one may object that to have efficiency

there must be specialization, both of structure and function. Furthermore, the president of the university can not supplant the director of the conservatory, and the two can not coexist. One bad general in chief is preferable to two good ones over the same army.

Europe supplies our best singers, players, and teachers. They come to get dollars where the native is glad if he is allowed to pick up an occasional penny. In what country would this be tolerated? The European artist is doubtless worthy of his hire, but it is true also that a commonwealth owes its own children equal opportunities with aliens in their struggle for life. In the musical profession this is denied American citizens. Have our Solons pondered this?

It is bad political economy to import that which can be produced cheaper at home. Since our statesmen wish to be so practical, why do they not favor measures that would help develop our own musicians, and thus save money to the nation? Instead of paying \$40 weekly to an orchestral player, and \$5,000 a year to a teacher, we could produce them for less than half that sum, and American ingenuity would soon improve upon the systems of European conservatories. We pay foreign artists about four times as much as they get in their own country. Competition is the great leveller of prices, but not as regards music in America, because Europeans control the market. Americans can not compete owing to their lack

of preparation for the contest. We do not export our music or our musicians, excepting a few singers born here and educated in Europe. This is too one-sided. Annually we pay a contribution to European art that would amply support the best art schools on earth on this side of the Atlantic.

The state should aid music because of the national importance of that art. It fosters patriotism. The French revolution of '93 owed much of its momentum to its own revolutionary hymns. Cherubini's republican compositions, Méhul's martial songs, and Rouget de l'Isle's impassioned "Marseillaise" helped as much as the bayonets to lay Europe prostrate before the French heroes. To some extent,

Germany owes its unity to its singing societies, through whose patriotic songs an intense love of one united fatherland was fostered, notwithstanding the autonomy of the many and widely differing states which constitute Germany. As a matter of national pride, for the sake of patriotism, we ought to develop the musical endowments of our citizens.

As regards music, the state is not doing its duty toward the poor. Many beautiful voices are allowed to be ruined and the musical faculties of gifted children atrophied through the lack of training, or the ignorance of self-styled teachers. An untrained voice, however fine, has neither commercial nor artistic value. Now, only the child of well-to-do-parents can

receive good instruction. It is unwise to separate men by still greater barriers--æsthetics for some, coarseness for others. Through this indifference to the refinements of life, are not our statesmen tacitly discriminating against the impecunious and gifted? Is not their policy causing more differences and antipathy between the lower and higher classes? The true purpose of a republic (*res publica*, the public thing) is misunderstood if we allow all the advantages to the minority. Good music, as well as everything else that is desirable, ought to be made purchasable by the humblest wallet. The lowering of its cost would be beneficial to the bulk of our citizens, to the laboring classes. By fostering musical intelligence

and taste among them not only would the demand for good art increase rapidly, but its softening influence would be felt among them. Where this art reaches its best development, as in France and Germany, there are neither bull-fights nor prize-fights. Good music humanizes and helps to a higher civilization. Aside from its elevating character it affords a delightful pastime to peoples. Where a gentle amusement is not provided another will be sought, and this will be only too often of a brutal character, for there is much of the animal in man. Would you raise your children in the midst of vulgar scenes, amuse them with coarse recreations and feed them upon noxious plants until, as Plato says, "they gather a festering mass of corruption in their souls?"

To conclude. Since music is an important factor in the promotion of a nation's welfare, the state should support it by making provisions for the musical needs of the people. This would not be inconsistent with self-government, with a government of the people, by the people, for the people. By legislative enactment we protect ourselves somewhat against incompetent lawyers, dentists, druggists, physicians, engineers, and plumbers. Why not subsidize conservatories of music and add one more statute law enacting qualifications from music teachers employed by the government?

CHAPTER XXXV

IN MONTE CARLO WITH MASSENET

One lovely morning at Nice, while I was walking leisurely along the *Boulevard des Anglais*, an old friend hailed me, saying : "Don't you want to go with me to Monte Carlo ? I am on my way to a rehearsal."

Had an emperor invited me to dine I could not have accepted with more eagerness, for it was the famous opera composer, Massenet, who had thus addressed me.

During the too short forty minutes we spent on the train taking us to that delightfully naughty nook of Europe, the musician confirmed my long-held opinion that he

could have achieved greatness in other fields also. This may be said generally of those who distinguish themselves, whether it be in finance, statesmanship, war or art, for the main factors of their success are identical: brains and energy.

Massenet's poetic nature is balanced by an intellect so healthy that even a melophobe would have to admire in him *l'homme d'esprit*.

Writing about Massenet the artist, who has been analyzed and praised by so many capable and incapable critics, would add nothing to his fame, and might not give new facts to the reader. I shall speak of that uninterrupted flow of happy remarks, his conversation.

As we enter the railway carriage I introduce him to a fine-looking girl.

"May I ask," says he, "what is your nationality, Miss?"

"I am half German, half English," she answers.

"Well, you certainly could not say you are half pretty," he quickly adds with the gallantry of the Frenchman.

"I looked at you from our box over the stage the other night, while you conducted, and you did not look at me," the lady observes.

"I am so sorry; but, you see, while conducting I have the bad habit of looking at the orchestra, now and then," states he with a regretful air.

To another lady who upon meeting him gushingly ejaculates: "I am so glad to meet you! I often thought I would give five years

of my life to make your acquaintance," he anxiously asks:

"To whom would you give those years?"

The husband of a singer he had recently heard wished to know his opinion.

"She sings like an angel" he dramatically asserts, and immediately whispers in my ear: "Of course, you know I have never heard angels sing!"

Then he seriously informs me that Calvé's digestion was not good while in America, "because she has been regular at her meals all her life and since crossing the Atlantic all her meals have been five hours late."

Changing the theme, he relates an incident about one of his librettists who, by the way, somewhat resembles him.

"He seems to seek opportunities for over-

hearing anything unpleasant that may be said of our works. In a theatre box, within his hearing, several persons were tearing up a recent opera of mine when, suddenly recognizing him, some one said: 'Hush! there is the author!'

"'Never mind,' added his interlocutor, who mistook my luckless collaborator for me, 'it is not the music I was disgusted with; it's the libretto I hate!'"

To an autograph maniac who desires a few bars of "Sappho," which, according to contract, the composer could not communicate before the first public performance, Massenet simply mails two or three measures of an old Provençal folk-song which he introduces in that opera. He is too courteous to refuse, and too intelligent to explain.

To my statement that "Faust" drew the largest audiences, he retorts:

"Just the opposite case as regards a woman. The more intimately is an opera known, the more it is loved; the more intimately" and he gallantly stops here.

Complaining of some unjust criticisms in a Parisian journal, he exclaims: "If you write as you feel, they say, 'I understand that music. It is too simple. If complicated, they maintain it is nebulous,' and soothingly add: 'At least he now tries to imitate a good model—Wagner.'" And the composer concludes with the assertion: "To be a good musician, in the eyes of some of those French critics, one must be dead or be a German!"

His every remark is accompanied by fitting facial expressions and gestures; his mimicry is so forceful, he convinces you he could have become a great actor.

He has a charming, roundabout way—peculiar to the French—of saying that which uttered by a tactless individual would wound. As an example, I saw him imitate an imaginary old lady singing with exaggerated pathos. Every one present was convulsed with laughter. Turning to a young singer who had just sung coldly, he smilingly stated: “After all, there is something here worth imitating.” The gentle hint was not forgotten.

I could write many pages were I to chronicle all the bright things he said at the different times that I met him in Paris, Milan, and

elsewhere. I have jotted down only what I remembered after that short railroad journey.

Massenet is courtesy incarnate and the most entertaining of chums. He seems to be a modest man, yet I doubt whether in his heart of hearts he is what he appears: I do not believe a man can be superior without being aware of his superiority.

To one who is applauded frequently, applause must begin to be less pleasurable, although it may never be unwelcome. The modest ways of a world-renowned genius are closer to vanity than to humility. They result from frequent and deserved praise. The very rich dislike to talk about their wealth, the very talented feel likewise about their talents. 'Tis the mediocre fellow or

the obscure man of ability who must be aggressive to succeed, who must throw his own bouquets if he would have any, and thus suggest to the world also to throw him some. And this suggestion is wise. It is based upon a knowledge of psychology. Daily experience teaches that mankind must be told what to applaud and that the power of suggestion is mighty.

The rehearsal of that far-famed Monte Carlo Orchestra was interesting in more than a musical way. How inspiring and, which is rarer yet, how kind and encouraging Massenet was to the orchestral players! It was a good lesson to me who, up to that time, had never dreamed of being gentle during a rehearsal.

CHAPTER XXXVI

RANDOM THOUGHTS

The praise of the wise will always bring the censure of fools. Some jealousy is created by each success.

There is so much musical inequality in the world that professional contests seem, at times, to be between giants and dwarfs.

The love of music neither proves softness of heart, nor purity of mind. Morality is not always coupled with musical taste and feeling, poet's opinions notwithstanding.

The portals of an unknown temple are opened to man by music. As he enters and finds nothing in common with the

material world, the deepest feeling invades his heart.

An orchestral work transcribed for the pianoforte is like a tropical flower transplanted into our gardens; while it retains its form, it loses its aroma and the luxuriant coloring of its petals.

You may tell a father with impunity that his daughter will not succeed as a housekeeper, grammarian, or mathematician; but woe be to you! if you say his daughter can not learn to play or sing.

The greatest enemy of musical art may be found in the ranks of the musical profession. Self-interest influences even more than jealousy. Were not Beethoven very dead, his works would be performed less frequently.

The teacher gives an exposition of the general principles of technique; he also demonstrates the way to do a thing, but he can not make you play or sing without your own diligent cooperation, however apt you may be.

The composer opens the sanctuary of his soul through his works. They tell us what he has suffered, enjoyed, desired, and regretted; his impressions, whether physical or psychical; his realities or his dreams.

The father who persists in having his son study the violin after being told by an honest and competent teacher that his son can not apprehend the exact pitch, is as wise as the one who would make his blind daughter study painting. There are such.

“Religion, liberty, patriotism;” “the good of the working man;” “the elevating influence of music,” are phrases which serve the wily purpose of many “public servants.” There are men in every profession who never lose opportunities to turn to profit the childishness of the public.

Without premeditation, nature sends the hurricane with all its fury or the zephyr with all its charm. There are times, too, when the artist should not reflect; when his mind should not question his heart. The intellect is too circumscribed to conceive of the capabilities of the emotions.

It is as illogical to infer that a great singer must be a good vocal teacher as that a skilful rope-walker must be a fine

rope-maker. The thorough understanding of the vocal organs and their possibilities, is a different thing from the ability to sing well. Many men carry heavy weights who can not analyze the muscular action that enables them to do so; this is precisely the position of many a singer.

The musician should have the ear of the imagination. Without the intercession of the auricular organs, he ought to perceive the niceties of intonation, color, harmony, and dynamics; in a word, music, in its most complex expression. He should hear a chord by seeing it, and see it by hearing it. If he can not, he is not a musician in all that the name implies.

The man who has not been transported by music beyond this material sphere has

not received his share of life's blessings; to him, no doubt, the enthusiastic views of a musician will seem like aberrations of the mind; but a good discourse is not less meritorious because it is not understood.

THE END.



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